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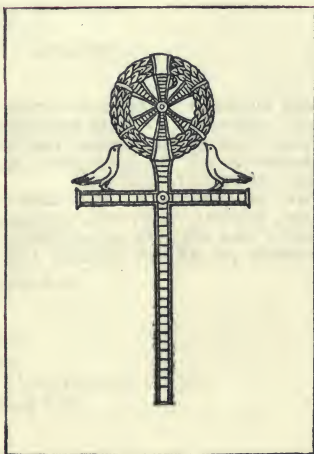
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FOR THE MONTH OF
JANUARY



God's Appointments Plain

IN the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me. — ISAIAH xlix. 2.

But let patience have her perfect work.

S. JAMES i. 4.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. — REVELATION ii. 10.

ii And so in Cordova through patient nights
Columbus watches, or he sails in dreams
Between the setting stars and finds new day;
Then wakes again to the old weary days,
Girds on the cord and frock of pale Saint Francis,
And like him zealous pleads with foolish men.
“I ask but for a million maravedis;
Give me three caravels to find a world,
New shores, new realms, new soldiers for the Cross
Son cosas grandes!” Thus he pleads in vain;
Yet faints not utterly, but pleads anew,
Thinking, “God means it, and has chosen me.”

GEORGE ELIOT.

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iii We are all of us like the weavers of the Gobelins, who, following out the pattern of an unknown artist, endeavor to match the threads of divers colors on the wrong side of the woof, and do not see the result of their labor. It is only when the texture is complete, that they can admire at their ease these lovely flowers and figures, those splendid pictures worthy of the palaces of kings. So it is with us, my friends: we work, we suffer, and we see neither the end nor the fruit. But God sees it; and when He releases us from our task, He will disclose to our wondering gaze what He, the great Artist, everywhere present and invisible, has woven out of those toils that now seem to us so sterile, and He will then deign to hang up in His palace of gold the flimsy web that we have spun. — F. OZANAM.

ib It is God who prepares men when He intends to use them, and who gives them just what they require for their work, and that by a marvelous succession of events, the connection of which can only be seen when we examine the whole chain. As I glance over my own life, from whatever side I view it I see it all converging to the point where I now stand. — LACORDAIRE.

b No sane man at last distrusts himself. His existence is a perfect answer to all sentimental cavils. If he is, he is wanted and has the precise properties that are required. That we are here is proof we ought to be here. — EMERSON.

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Patience is the part
Of all whom Time records among the great,
The only gift I know, the only art,
To strengthen up our frailties to our fate.

T. PARSONS.

vi I try as much as I can to let nothing distress me, and to take everything that happens as for the best. I believe that this is a duty, and that we sin in not doing so. For, in short, the reason why sins are sins is only because they are contrary to the will of God; and the essence of sin thus consisting in having a will opposed to that which we know to be of God, it is plain, it appears to me, that when He discovers His will to us by events, it would be a sin not to conform ourselves to it.

PASCAL.

vii When the soul has reached a certain degree of elevation towards God, she easily despises life, and then it is that God binds her to life once more by the ties of duty. Life is a very important business, though often enough we do not see its utility. Drops of water as we are, we ask what the ocean can want with us, and the ocean might reply that it is made up of such drops. — LACORDAIRE.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when
Fate

Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"?

LOWELL.

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Music

vi Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. — GENESIS iv. 21.

David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. — I SAMUEL xvi. 23.

ix You do not perhaps know that Music was among the Greeks quite the first means of education; and that it was so connected with their system of ethics and of intellectual training, that the God of Music is with them also the God of Righteousness; the God who purges and avenges iniquity, and contends with their Satan as represented under the form of Python, "the corrupter." And the Greeks were incontrovertibly right in this. Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, of all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man, — helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which often, if not most frequently, haunts the death-bed of pure and innocent spirits. — RUSKIN.

x I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

SHAKESPEARE.

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ri Oh! silence that clarion in mercy —
For it carries my soul away;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

Oh! exquisite tyranny — silence —
My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
To a dread unvisited land.

Thou Lord art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them silently.

FABER.

rii Music: is it not to tender and poetic souls, to wounded and suffering hearts a text which they interpret as their memories need? If the heart of a poet must be given to a musician, must not poetry and love be listeners ere the great musical works of art are understood? Religion, love, and music: are they not the triple expression of the fact — the need of expansion, the need of touching with their own infinite the infinite beyond them, which is in the fibre of all noble souls? These three forms of poesy end in God, who alone can unwind the knot of earthly emotion. Thus this holy human trinity joins itself to the holiness of God, of whom we make to ourselves no conception unless we surround Him by the fires of love and the golden cymbals of music and light and harmony. — BALZAC.

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xiii Music is an outward and earthly economy, under which great wonders are typified: To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views it opens upon us, to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, that those mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so, it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes — something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man has the gift of eliciting them.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

xiv Till David touched his sacred lyre
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,
But when he swept its chords along,
The angels stooped to hear the song.
So sleeps the soul till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;

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Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

MOORE.

Compassion

rb His compassions fail not.

LAMENTATIONS iii. 22.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of
another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

I PETER iii. 8.

rbí To mercy, pity, peace, and love
All pray in their distress,
And to those virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine ;
And Peace, the human dress.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

rbii Perhaps here lay the secret of the hardness
he had accused himself of: he had too little
fellow-feeling with the weakness that errs in spite
of foreseen consequences. Without this fellow-feel-
ing how are we to get enough patience and charity
toward our stumbling, falling companions in the
long and changeful journey? And there is but
one way in which a strong determined soul can

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learn it — by getting his heartstrings bound round the weak and erring, so that he must share not only the outward consequence of their error, but their inward suffering. — GEORGE ELIOT.

rviii If the heart be right with God, He will weigh the rest in a balance of compassion.

CARDINAL MANNING.

rx If only dear to God the strong
That never trip nor wander,
Where were the throng whose morning song
Thrills His blue arches yonder?

LOWELL.

xx Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when
I speak of such among the flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse or error something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend.

WORDSWORTH.

xxi Breathe for his wandering soul one passing
sigh,
O happier Christian, while thine eye grows dim,—
In all the mansions of the house on high
Say not that Mercy has not one for him.

O. W. HOLMES.

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A Cluster of Graces

xxii Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

II PETER i. 5, 6, 7.

xxiii Therefore it behooves you to give yourself up to Him in perfect confidence, and so to fulfil all your duties towards God or man, as freely and fully as if you had the most vivid consciousness of that upholding grace, and that because faith gives us so much more certain assurance than even our own sense and experience can give. I would far rather know by God's own promise that His help is ever present, and that He wills me to live by His Holy Spirit and be led by His grace, than merely to *feel* it to be so; and realize His guiding Hand by my own consciousness. My own feeling and experience might be deceived and might mislead me, but God is infallible, and where He speaks, our reason and senses have no further claim to be heard. — PÈRE DE CONDREN.

xxiv The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. — BACON.

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xxv The more we know the less narrow are our minds. Our sphere of vision is increased. Our horizon is wider. We appreciate the manifold varieties of grace and of vocations. We see how God's glory finds its account in almost infinite diversity, and how holiness can be at home in opposites, nay, how what is wrong in this man is acceptable, perhaps heroic, in that other man. Hence, we free ourselves from little jealousies, from uncharitable doubts, from unworthy suspicions, from narrow criticisms, things which are the especial diseases of little great men and little good men, and which may be said to frustrate one third, if not more, of all the good works which are attempted in the Church. Goodness which is not greatness also is a sad misfortune. While it saves its own soul it will not let others save theirs. Especially does it contrive, in proportion to its influence, to put a spoke in the wheel of all progress, and has almost a talent for interfering with the salvation of souls. Now, if reading did no more than abate the virulence of any one of the diseases mentioned above, would it not be a huge work? — FABER.

xxvi Mother, I implore you do not be terrified, or arrested in your task, by the wilderness of knowledges which seem requisite. One may choose from all these the true points, — few but fruitful, difficult doubtless to many minds, — but to you, mother, whose mind seems new to me every day, and whose soul, whether from the advance of years, or whether from its wondrous temperance, wholly

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freed from the deceptions of the world and from the hard servitude of the senses, has power to grow and rise mightily within itself—to you, beloved mother, these things will be as easy as they would be hard to the sluggish understanding of all those souls who live so miserably. — S. AUGUSTINE.

xxvii Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

FROM GERMAN BY WHITTIER.

xxviii So far as I can see I am not under the sway of any strong attachment to any created thing, not even to all the bliss of Heaven, but only to the love of God; and this does not grow less — on the contrary, I believe it is growing together with the longing that all men may serve Him. . . . I am at peace within, and my likings and dislikings have so little power to take from me the Presence of the Three Persons of which, while it continues, it is so impossible to doubt, that I seem clearly to know

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by experience what is recorded by St. John, that God will make His dwelling in the soul, and not only by grace, but because He will have the soul feel that presence. — S. THERESA.

xxix The kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove,
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

C. WESLEY.

xxx God is not satisfied with words and thoughts, my sisters. He requires effects and actions. If, therefore, you see a sick person whom you can in any way relieve, leave your devotions courageously to do so. Have compassion for what she suffers, and let her suffering be as your own. The love of God does not consist in shedding tears, nor in that satisfaction and tenderness which we ordinarily desire because they are consoling : it consists in serving God with courage, in acting justly, in practising humility. — S. THERESA.

xxxi We are daily tempted and solicited into rash and self-fettering judgments. . . . When we have once judged a man, we have, as it were, closed his access to us at all unexpected avenues. We are pledged to one view of him ; he is no more an infinite possibility to us ; we have measured him, calculated our expectations from him, and never more can look to him with the freshness and reverence of an undefined hope. A man that will do this

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towards a child has closed his heart against much that might enrich it. A sage will listen with an interest approaching to awe to the revelations of a child's heart. He is often judged by it, but judges not that pure, infinite, mysterious depth. And so should it be, as far as possible, with every human spirit. Why should we be asked to try it with our measuring-lines? to say how deep or how shallow it is? Why should we not keep the privilege of Hope, which is so very near to Charity.

DR. J. H. THOM.

FOR THE MONTH OF
FEBRUARY



Intercession

AND he said unto me, Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words. — DANIEL x. 12.

This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting. — S. MARK ix. 29.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

EPHESIANS vi. 18.

ii It is observable, that though prayer for self is the first and plainest of Christian duties, the Apostles especially insist on another kind of prayer: prayer for others, for ourselves with others, for the Church, and for the world, that it may be brought into the Church. Intercession is the characteristic of Christian worship, the privilege of the heavenly adoption, the exercise of the perfect and spiritual mind. . . . Why should we be unwilling to admit

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what it is so great a consolation to know? Surely Christ did not die for any common end, but in order to exalt man, who was of the dust of the field, into "heavenly places." . . . He died to bestow upon him that privilege which implies or involves all others, and brings him into nearest resemblance to Himself, — the privilege of intercession.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

iii Place yourselves in the presence of Christ, and without fatiguing the understanding converse with Him, and in Him rejoice, without wearying yourselves in searching out reasons; for there is no soul so great a giant on this road, but has frequent need to turn back and be again an infant at the breast. . . . The knowledge of our sins and of our own selves is the bread which we have to eat with all the meats, however delicate they may be in the way of prayer. — S. THERESA.

iv Through the black night, and driving rain,
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main.
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
A child, his blue eyes dim with fright,
Prays, "God save those at sea to-night."
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay

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And on a little child at play.

Gloria tibi Domine.

A. PROCTER.

6 More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

6i Never forget, when you begin to pray, that you
are entering God's Presence, for two main reasons: first, to pay Him the honor and homage due to Him; which may be rendered without the utterance of a word on either side. . . . The second reason which takes us into God's Presence is, that we may talk with Him, and hear Him speaking within our hearts by His Gracious Inspirations. This is usually a most intense enjoyment; it is a great privilege to speak familiarly with our Dear Lord, and when He speaks to us, He sheds an abundance of His precious balm and sweetness upon the soul. If we are able to speak to our Lord, let us do so,—let us praise, pray, and hearken; if our utterance is hindered, let us, nevertheless, remain bowed down before Him; He will behold us; He will accept

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our patient waiting, and look graciously upon our silence ; it may be He will amaze us by leading us by the hand and bringing us into His realm of prayer. — S. FRANCIS DE SALES.

vi O dull of heart ! enclosed doth lie
In each "Come Lord" an "Here am I."
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine :
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from Heaven.

ARCHBP. TRENCH.

Bearing the Cross

viii Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. — S. MARK viii. 34.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. — S. MATTHEW x. 37.

ix And there *is* meaning in Christ's words. Whatever misuse may have been made of them — whatever false prophets — and Heaven knows there have been many — have called the young children to them not to bless, but to curse, the assured fact remains, that if you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man will be raised, with all its holiest natural authority, against you. The friend and the wise adviser — the brother and the sister — the father and the master — the entire

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voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance — the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world — for *once*, they will be against you all at one. You have to obey God rather than man. The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side; God alone on the other. You have to choose.

RUSKIN.

¶ The man who gives himself to other men can never be a wholly sad man; but no more can he be a man of unclouded gladness. To him shall come with every consecration a before untasted joy, but in the same cup shall be mixed a sorrow that it was beyond his power to feel before. They who long to sit with Jesus on His throne may sit there if the Father sees them pure and worthy, but they must be baptized with the baptism that He is baptized with. All truly consecrated men learn little by little that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression, not in joy, and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable mingling of the two.

BISHOP BROOKS.

¶i Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the Cross.

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For either thou shalt feel pain in thy body, or in thy soul thou shalt suffer tribulation of spirit.

À KEMPIS.

xii Joan of Arc wept when the saints and angels left her. However beautiful and glorious her visions were, her life from that time had changed. She who had heard till then only one voice, that of her mother, of which her own was the echo, heard now the powerful voice of angels. And what did the celestial voice wish? That she should leave that mother, that quiet home. She must quit for the world, for war, that little garden under the shadow of the church where she heard only its musical bells, and where the birds ate from her hand. The two authorities, earthly and heavenly, commanded different things. One or the other she must disobey. This was without doubt her greatest struggle. Those she maintained against the English were child's play in comparison. — MICHELET.

xiii Particular devotion to God's service infallibly entails contradiction, calumny, injustice, and various trials from creatures; and that not only from the wicked, but even from the virtuous, or, at least, those reputed such. — JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.

xiv Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps : the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high

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Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend :
So, shalt thou dare forego at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

J. KEBLE.

Simplicity

rb Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-
lids look straight before thee.

PROVERBS iv. 25.

The Lord preserveth the simple.

PSALM cxvi. 6.

rb By two wings a man is lifted up from things
earthly; namely, by Simplicity and Purity.
Simplicity ought to be in our intention, Purity in
our affection. Simplicity doth tend toward God;
Purity doth apprehend and, as it were, taste Him.
There is no creature so poor and abject, that it
representeth not the goodness of God. If thou
wert inwardly good and pure, then wouldst thou be
able to see and understand all things well without
impediment.

A pure heart penetrateth Heaven and Hell.

À KEMPIS.

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rbii Unfortunately, untruthfulness is the commonest of all miseries. It is as universal as the consequences of the fall. A truthful man is the rarest of all phenomena. Perhaps hardly any of us have ever seen one. Thorough truthfulness is undoubtedly the most infrequent of all graces. The grace of terrific austerities and bodily macerations which has characterized some of the saints, the grace to love suffering, the grace of ecstasy, the grace of martyrdom — all these are commoner graces than that of thorough truthfulness. — FABER.

rbiii Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran :
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

WHITTIER.

rix For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.

SHAKESPEARE.

rx Tell the dear Marie to speak freely of God
wherever she thinks it will be useful, regardless
of what those who listen may think or say of her.
In a word, I have already told her that while we
ought neither to do nor say anything in order to

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obtain praise, no more ought we to leave anything undone or unsaid because we may be praised for it. Nor is it hypocritical to act less perfectly than we talk; of a truth, were it so, we should all be in a bad plight. In that case I must be silent for fear of being a hypocrite, since if I speak concerning perfection it follows that I count myself perfect. . . . It is not good to be so punctilious, nor to distract oneself with so many little questions which do not concern the things of our Lord. Tell her to go on sincerely, holding fast to simplicity and humility, and to cast aside all these subtleties and perplexities. — S. FRANCIS DE SALES.

xvi Simplicity is an uprightness of soul which checks all useless dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. It is different from sincerity, which is a much lower virtue. We see many people who are sincere without being simple; they are always thinking about themselves, weighing all their words and thoughts. . . . Dwelling too much upon self produces in weak minds useless scruples and superstition, and in stronger minds a presumptuous wisdom which is incompatible with the spirit of God. Both are contrary to true simplicity, which is free and direct, and gives itself up to God without reserve, and with a generous self-forgetfulness. How free, how intrepid are the motions, how glorious the progress, that the soul makes when delivered from all low and interested and unquiet cares! — FÉNELON.

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Man's Judgments

xxii Judge not, that ye be not judged.

S. MATTHEW vii. 1.

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant ?
to his own master he standeth or falleth.

ROMANS xiv. 4.

xxiii We see only a part of each other, but God sees all. Our partial view is, if not mingled with untruth, yet misleading, because imperfect ; we only know half the riddle, and we are led astray in guessing at the rest. " But all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." — CARDINAL MANNING.

xxiv Even if the justice of an unfavorable judgment was absolutely certain, one might suppose that all earnest and gentle natures, under no necessity of duty, would recoil from giving it form, from lodging it in the minds of others, from shaping a bad reputation for another with their own lips, and giving it currency with the intent of their hearts. But when we reflect on the uncertainty of all such judgments, on the profound mystery that attaches to every man, on the hidden depths, the latent workings, the possibilities unknown of every human spirit, the presumption that volunteers a judgment, as though that solemn and inscrutable nature was a mere transparency, ought to repel and shock us, as partaking of profaneness and impiety.

DR. J. H. THOM.

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xxv O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear,

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height
Enables Thee to stoop,
Whose holiness bends undefiled
To handle hearts that droop.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind ;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

FABER.

xxvi The way of God, who does all things gently,
is to put religion into the mind by reason,
and into the heart by grace. . . . Begin by pitying
the unbeliever ; he is already wretched enough.

PASCAL.

xxvii Judge not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight

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With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

A. PROCTER.

xxviii Probably the majority of repentances have begun in the reception of acts of kindness, which, if not unexpected, touched men by the sense of their being so undeserved. . . . Doubtless the terrors of the Lord are often the beginning of that wisdom which we name conversion ; but men must be frightened in a kind way, or the fright will only make them unbelievers. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal or eloquence or learning ; and these last three have never converted any one, unless they were kind also. . . . A kind act has picked up many a fallen man who has afterwards slain his tens of thousands for his Lord, and has entered the Heavenly City at last as a conqueror, amidst the acclamations of the saints, and with the welcome of his Sovereign. — FABER.

xxix Some purest water still the wine may hold.
Is there no hope for her — no power to save ?
Yea, once again to draw up from the clay
The fallen dewdrop till it shine above
Or save a fallen soul needs but one ray
Of Heaven's sunshine or of human love.

VICTOR HUGO.

FOR THE MONTH OF
MARCH



Warfare

WE were troubled on every side ; without were
fightings, within were fears.

II CORINTHIANS vii. 5.

Fight the good fight of faith. — I TIMOTHY vi. 12.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith. — II TIMOTHY iv. 7.

ii Dear to us are those who love us ; the swift
moments we spend with them are a compensa-
tion for a great deal of misery ; — but dearer are
those who reject us as unworthy, for they add an-
other life : they build a heaven before us whereof
we had not dreamed, and thereby supply to us new
powers out of the recesses of the spirit, and urge
us to new and unattempted performances.

EMERSON.

iii Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?

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All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave,
In silence ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful
ease! TENNYSON.

ib Does the road wind up hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin ?
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

b There are, it may be, some men so constituted
that they turn naturally to the right course ;
they take intuitively the healthy view of circum-
stance ; God's Spirit finds so little resistance in
their nature that they take it for their own ; their
spontaneous affections are in unconscious harmony

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with the ulterior designs of His Providence. But these are the exceptions, and rather good than great, rather saints than heroes. Most men accomplish the "end for which they were born, the cause for which they came into the world," not by their spontaneous affections, but by the high strain of Conscience by calling in the force of Principle and Will: God's Spirit strives with theirs: only through deliberate resolve do they choose the higher guidance: only through daily self-denial do they repress the encroachments of the lower nature: they have passions and self-love which would interrupt the calm flow of progressive life, and break its unity into aimless sloth, tumults and wanderings: their members are not by nature instruments of righteousness: only, as our Lord said, by plucking out the right eye, by cutting off the right hand, can they prepare themselves for God's service.

DR. J. H. THOM.

vi So long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.

The beginning of all evil temptations is inconstancy of mind and small confidence in God.

We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptations do show us what we are.

A KEMPIS.

vii The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumèd crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

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Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone ;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

ANONYMOUS.

The Wrath of Man

vi For wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy
slayeth the silly one. — JOB v. 2.

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. — S. JAMES i. 20.

ix First, keep thyself in peace, and then shalt
thou be able to pacify others.

A passionate man turneth even good into evil,
and easily believeth the worst.

A good, peaceable man turneth all things to good.

À KEMPIS.

x The state of the man was murderous and he
knew it. More, he irritated it, with a kind of
perverse pleasure akin to that which a sick man
sometimes has in irritating a wound upon his body.
. . . Under his daily restraint, it was his compensa-
tion, not his trouble, to give a glance towards his
state at night, and to the freedom of its being in-
dulged. If great criminals told the truth, — which,
being great criminals, they do not, — they would very
rarely tell of their struggles against the crime. Their
struggles are towards it. They buffet with oppos-
ing waves, to gain the bloody shore, not to recede
from it. — DICKENS.

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xi Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man !
Death has done all death can.
And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance — both strike
On his senses alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase
His offence, my disgrace ?
I would we were boys as of old
In the field by the fold —
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
Were so easily borne.

I stand here now, he lies in his place —
Cover the face. BROWNING.

xii Such blind hate
Is fit for beasts of prey, but not for men.
Love comes to cancel all ancestral hate,
Subdues all heritage, proves that in mankind
Union is deeper than division.

GEORGE ELIOT.

xiii My brain goes this way and that way ; 't will
not fix on aught but vengeance.

DUC DE GUISE.

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rb Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart,
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

BREVIARY.

God's Love for Individuals

rb Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have
called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

ISAIAH xliii. 1.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath
are the everlasting arms.

DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 27.

rbí The love of Jesus Christ embraced every individual of the human race, each occupying a distinct place in His Divine Heart, and that Heart was infinite in capacity; it contained ample room for all, its tenderness for one never encroaching on its affection for another. Every Christian may appropriate the Heart of Jesus Christ as if its love had been centred in Him alone, and say with St. Paul, "He loved *me*, and delivered himself for *me*." Thus each mortal participates as abundantly in the benign influence of the sun as if his invigorating rays were shed on one alone.

JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.

rbíí Yes, for me, for me, He careth
With a father's tender care;

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Yes, with me, with me, He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, o'er me, o'er me, He watcheth,
Ceaseless, watcheth night and day ;
Yes, even me, even me, He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me, in me, He dwelleth ;
I in Him, and He in me ;
And my empty soul He filleth
Here and through eternity.

H. BONAR.

rbiii Men of keen hearts would be overpowered by despondency, and would even loathe existence, did they suppose themselves under the mere operation of fixed laws, powerless to excite the pity or the attention of Him who has appointed them. What should they do, especially, who are cast among persons unable to enter into their feelings, and thus strangers to them ; or who have perplexities of mind they cannot explain to themselves, much less remove, and no one to help them ; or who have affections and aspirations pent up within them, because they have not met with objects to which to devote them ; or who are misunderstood by those around them, and find they have no words to set themselves right with them ; or who seem to themselves to be without place or purpose in the world, or to be in the way of others ; or who have the burden of some painful secret, or of some incommuni-

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cable solitary grief! In all such cases the Gospel narrative supplies our very need, not simply presenting to us an unchangeable Creator to rely upon, but a compassionate Guardian; a discriminating Judge and Helper. — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ix Most assuredly no one loves your soul half so much as our Lord Jesus Christ. He is All-Powerful to help you. No one else can help you, save through Him, but He can help you alone. He will not fail to bear the heaviest weight of your trouble, and to draw you gently to Him. Picture Him as stretching out His arms to you, offering you His Help, calling you to hold converse with Him; and longing, far beyond anything you can imagine, that you should dwell in Him and He in you. All the evil we do not commit, all the temptations to which we do not consent, or which never visit us, all our holy thoughts and good intentions, all our longings after that which is right, are so many witnesses of His Loving Kindness towards us; for faith teaches us that without Him we can do nothing. How could He help you thus unless He cared for you? — PÈRE DE CONDREN.

x In the joy of the Resurrection we shall see the countenance of the Friend who has loved us, sorrowed for us, died for us; the countenance of the Son of God fixed upon each one of us; the eyes of our Redeemer looking upon us personally one by one; His voice speaking to us as He spoke to

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Mary at the sepulchre, calling us each one by name. This is the beginning of the joy.

CARDINAL MANNING.

xxi Alone, no ! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home ;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate
As if there were none else for whom to wait,
Waiting for us, for us,
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

FABER.

Woman. The Virgin

xxii A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

PROVERBS xii. 4.

The Lord is with thee : blessed art thou among women. — S. LUKE i. 28.

God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law. — GALATIANS iv. 4.

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven ; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

REVELATION xii. 1.

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xxiii In one of the most rich and beautiful of European galleries hangs Raphael's greatest Madonna, called the Madonna of St. Sixtus. Among the dreary sands at the edge of the Egyptian desert, under the shadow of the Pyramids, stands the mighty Sphinx, the work of unknown hands, so calm and so eternal in its solitude that it is hard to think of it as the work of human hands at all. These two suggest comparisons which are certainly not fancies. They are the two great expressions, in art, of the two religions — the religion of the East and of the West. Fatalism and Providence they seem to mean. Both have tried to express a union of humanity with something which is its superior; but one has joined it only to the superior strength of the animal, while the other has filled it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. The Sphinx has life in its human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but blesses us. The Sphinx oppresses us with colossal size. The Virgin is not a distortion or exaggeration, but a glorification of humanity. The Egyptian monster is alone amid its sands, to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the societies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love.

BISHOP BROOKS.

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xxxv In all the history of the past, through all man's experience, we have seen the Creative Principle made operative through that reflected glory, Queen of Heaven, the feminine attribute of Love; the gentle power of Beauty leading us always upward towards the perfect Light. This has ever been the element which has lifted us out of the night and death of selfishness into the glorious light of day, making us co-creators with the Creator, till, in giving ourselves to His purposes, we at last find our long-sought Happiness. Throughout all human story we have seen this principle incarnated for us and manifested in Woman. Here, then, is the true Heroine of our Drama of Existence, which closes with this as the final word of life:—

“The Eternal, the Womanly,
Lifts, leads us on.”

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST, BY W. P. ANDREWS.

xxxvi There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. . . . Have you ever considered what a deep undermeaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? The path of a good woman is

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indeed strewn with flowers, but they rise behind her steps, not before them. . . . Far away among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them, in their trembling, from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning for you but not for them? . . . Oh, you queens, you queens, among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

RUSKIN.

xxvi The rôle of Christian women was something similar to that of the guardian angels — they might lead the world, but while remaining invisible themselves. It is very seldom that angels become visible in the hour of supreme danger, as the Angel Raphael did to Tobit; so is it only at certain moments long foreseen, that the empire of woman becomes visible, and that we behold these angels, who were the saviors of Christian society, manifesting themselves under the names of Blanche of Castille and Joan of Arc. — F. OZANAM.

xxvii In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul speaks of the glory of the woman as of a thing distinct from the glory of the man.

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Their endowments are unlike ; their work is different ; their provinces are separate. If she ape the man she will lose the half of love, and yet not gain the commanding mind. . . . To live in the hearts of those who make the laws is more than to have a vote. And if we must take a gloomy view, I, for one, agree with Madame de Staël, the most intellectual of women. "It were far better," she says, "in order to keep something sacred on earth, that in marriage there should be one slave rather than two free-thinkers." — BISHOP SPALDING.

xxviii It is a significant fact that in all religious systems which, instead of representing God chiefly as *moral Lawgiver*, are fond of dwelling on Him as the *Holy Spirit*, there the prophets are, or at least may be, *women*. So was it among the Phrygian Christians of old, who developed the doctrine of the Paraclete. So has it ever been among the Society of Friends, who keep silence till the Spirit speaks. So is it when the Catholic ecstasica attests the supernatural grace that still penetrates and consecrates the organism of the visible Church. — DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

xxix Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality.
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form

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Among the dead ! Thou Star above the storm !
Thou Wonder and thou Beauty and thou Terror !
Thou Harmony of Nature's art ! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on !

SHELLEY.

xxx O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all ;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordained ;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation ;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Revealed whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace ;
Here thou to us of charity and love
Art as the noonday torch ; and art beneath
To mortal men of hope a living spring.

DANTE.

xxxi Mother of the Fair Delight
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting fourth beside the Three,
Thyself a woman-Trinity —
Being a daughter born to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And wife unto the Holy Ghost : —
Oh, when our need is uppermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike !

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Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great Mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we!

.
Ah! knew'st thou of the end, when first
That Babe was on thy bosom nurs'd? —
Or when He tottered round thy knee
Did thy great sorrow dawn on thee?
And through His boyhood, year by year
Eating with Him the Passover,
Didst thou discern confusedly
That holier sacrament, when He,
The bitter cup about to quaff,
Should break the bread and eat thereof?

.
Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, arrayed, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues for a hymn.

DANTE ROSSETTI.

FOR THE MONTH OF
APRIL



The Heathen

I WILL call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. — ROMANS ix. 25.

That which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them.

ROMANS i. 19.

These, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another. — ROMANS ii. 14, 15.

ii Men begin, little children begin, by calling God by the primal name of Father. It was a name revealed in Paradise; but if no revelation had been made, it would have welled up from human consciousness like the waters that are under the earth. In the vast deserts of heathenism where the shade of death has lain, and still lies, the untutored mass of the people have ever been, and are still, aware

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of a Heavenly Father. Amid all superstitions and all false teaching, in spite of ignorance and degradation, may we not hope that as it is undoubtedly true that no instance can be named where a people have not looked up to One above, so in their inculpable ignorance, not only will the multitudes escape condemnation, but many will even have elicited by God's grace that act of clinging and pious love which will have lifted them to the seats of the Blessed? And he who knows God under the name of Father — can it be denied that he has a true and real knowledge of Him? — BISHOP OF NEWPORT AND MENEVIA.

iii We have been taught that Christ is the First begotten of God ; that He is the Reason of which all mankind are partakers ; and that those who live according to Reason are Christians. Such among the Greeks were Socrates, Heraclitus, and the like. Whatsoever at any time the philosophers or law-givers said or discovered that was God, they did it according to their measure of Reason, Light, and Knowledge ; but because they knew not Reason to the full, which is Christ, they many times said things contradictory one to another.

JUSTIN MARTYR.

* The soul of Man is Christian by Nature.

TERTULLIAN.

iv From the Conscience of the Heathen accusing or excusing them, I argue that there is some

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other rule for human actions besides the written Word ; and that this rule could be no other than the Law of Nature, and of Right Reason, imprinted in their hearts, which is as truly the Law and Word of God as that written in our Bible. The law of Nature leads us to do actions conformable to those which Christianity inspires, for Christianity has only re-established and perfected the law of Nature ; so that I am persuaded there is no Christian virtue but the traces and sentiments thereof may be found in ancient Paganism, how corrupt soever it may have been. . . . Before the birth of Christ many holy persons, not of the race of Abraham, obtained salvation by the observation of the Law of Nature.

BISHOP SANDERSON.

b Everywhere throughout the world, everywhere throughout the ages, men have sought holiness. The best and noblest men everywhere have always been true seekers after God. That is inexplicable if Christianity is a new power, a new gift to the faculties of man, nay, as it often seems to be stated, a new set of faculties in man which he has not possessed before. But how entirely explicable, how natural it is, if what the Incarnation did was to redeem men into what was their original and undestroyed nature and privilege. — BISHOP BROOKS.

bi “And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death : but an infinite Ocean of Light

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and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness : and that I saw the infinite Love of God.”

GEORGE FOX.

vi All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,
Wide as our need thy favors fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

WHITTIER.

Grief for the Loss of One

viii The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul
of David, and Jonathan loved him as his
own soul. — I SAMUEL xviii. 1.

Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and
Lazarus. — S. JOHN ii. 5.

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of
his disciples, whom Jesus loved. — S. JOHN xiii. 23.

ix It might be supposed that the Son of God
Most High could not have loved one man
more than another ; or again if so, that He would
not have had only one friend, but, as being All-
holy, He would have loved all men more or less, in
proportion to their holiness. Yet we find our Sa-

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viour had a private friend ; and this shows us first, how entirely He was a man, as much as any of us, in His wants and feelings ; and next, that there is nothing contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, nothing inconsistent with the fulness of Christian love, in having our affections directed in an especial way towards certain objects, towards those whom the circumstances of our past life, or some peculiarities of character, have endeared to us.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

 All my love
Lies buried in the grave — no mortal wish
Finds place within this bosom.
I have no farther business in the world
But to remember him.

SCHILLER.

 The King had watched with a heart sore
 stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third :

And still to all his court would he say,
“ What keeps my son so long away ? ”

“ Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship.”

King Henry fell as a man struck dead ;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

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There's many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign : —

But this King never smiled again.

DANTE ROSSETTI.

rii He sat alone,
 Hating companionship that was not hers ;
Felt bruised with hopeless longing ; drank, as wine,
Illusions of what had been, would have been.
It has been so with rulers, emperors,
Nay, sages who held secrets of great Time,
Sharing his hoary and beneficent life,
Men who sat throned among the multitudes, —
They have sore sickened at the loss of one.

GEORGE ELIOT.

riii The South-wind brings
 Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire ;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore ;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

.
I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs ;
And he, the wondrous child,

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Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round, —
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom, —
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day, —
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.

EMERSON.

rb The face, which duly as the sun
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart, which like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away —
And yet my days go on, go on.

E. B. BROWNING.

Reunion

rb In my Father's house are many mansions : I
go to prepare a place for you. I will come

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again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. Because I live, ye shall live also. — S. JOHN xiv. 2, 3, 19.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

COLOSSIANS iii. 4.

rbí The grown-up man feels his father's life beating from beyond the grave, and is sure that in his own eternity the child relation to that life will be in some mysterious and perfect way resumed and glorified; that he will be something to that dear life and it to him forever.

BISHOP BROOKS.

rbii What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

EMERSON.

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rbiii How amazing will be to us, when we shall reach that heavenly shore, our incredulity, our limitations, our dulness, our failure to catch at least some hints and foregleams of things to come ! The shadows are here, the lights are there. Do not reverse the truth, and talk of the life to come as if sight were to be turned into faith, not faith into sight ; as if we were not to see eye to eye ; as if there could be no more beholding of the Lord and no more leaning upon His breast, like that which is recorded of the beloved disciple. Believe in persons, in forms, in beating hearts, in the kindling eye, in the voice of pure affection ; and that to be translated and transfigured is only to be clothed upon with a more serviceable and expressive form.

DR. RUFUS ELLIS.

rix "Ah ! could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be !"—

*Care not for that, and lay me where I fall !
Everywhere heard will be the judgment call ;
But at God's altar, oh, remember me.*

Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been, through all
Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Libyan sea.

Had been ! but at the end, to her pure soul
All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

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Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole,
Yet we her memory, as she pray'd, will keep,
Keep by this: *Life in God, and union there!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

xx My best beloved, I most eagerly desire to see thee, that on me may come the benediction of the dying. Perhaps I may come; perhaps not. However this may be, I have loved thee from the beginning, I shall love thee without end. I may confidently say that I shall never, in the end, lose one so beloved. For me, he does not die; he only goes before, to whose soul mine adheres in a tie never to be relaxed, in a bond not to be broken. Only remember me, when thou shalt have come thither, going before me; and may it be given to me to follow thee quickly, and to come again to thee. In the mean time remember that never will the sweet remembrance of thee depart from me, though thy presence be withdrawn from grieving hearts. — S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

xxi Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees,
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

WHITTIER.

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Self-Sacrifice

xxii If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me. — S. LUKE ix. 23.

Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. — II TIMOTHY ii. 3.

xxiii If the devil take a less hateful shape to us than to our fathers, he is as busy with us as with them; and if we cannot find it in our hearts to break with a gentleman of so much worldly wisdom, who gives such admirable dinners, and whose manners are so perfect, so much the worse for us. — LOWELL.

xxiv For if it be a special office of the Church to bear witness against the world, her witness must especially be borne against the reigning vices of the world; and therefore in these days against effeminacy, the worship of comfort, and the extravagances of luxury. . . . If the Church has to witness against the reigning vices of the world, each soul has likewise, if not to witness, at least to defend itself, against them. And how shall it defend itself against the worship of bodily comforts, except by depriving itself of them? Changeable as the world is, it is unchanging too. The world, the flesh, and the devil are practically the same in all ages; and so, practically, mortification has the same offices to perform. Whether we

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consider the soul in the struggles of its conversion, in the progress of its illumination or in its variously perfect degrees of union with God, we shall find that bodily mortifications have their own place, and their proper work to do, and are literally indispensable. — FABER.

xxv Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah, scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise and flesh to mortify,
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

WORDSWORTH.

xxvi The sublime vision comes to the pure and
simple soul in a clean and chaste body.
Milton says that the epic poet, he who shall sing of
the gods, and their descent unto men, must drink
water out of a wooden bowl. — EMERSON.

xxvii There are, in the soul, qualities which
may be acquired by exercise and habit,
as the body acquires certain powers and certain
habits. . . . Have you never noticed how quickly
and clearly the small soul of the wicked grasps the
things upon which it is bent, and what power it
acquires in so doing? It sees very plainly, only it
chooses to direct its vision to evil things. But take

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those same souls in infancy, *cut away* and *prune* all the growth of passions akin to the flesh; set them free from those heavy clods which cling to the pleasures of the table and similar delights; take away that weight which drags the mental vision down to everything which is low. Instantly, in that same soul, the eye, set free, turns towards realities, and sees them as clearly as it now sees those things which absorb it. — PLATO.

xxviii Where are the stern abstinences of St. Monica in regard to the sorceries of the earth? Who suspects the ecstasies of which our intemperances deprive us? Where are souls ever new, and growing, through their search after wisdom, from childhood unto death? And who suspects the floods of light and true love which would burst forth from Christian souls for the salvation and happiness of mankind at the cost of a little effort?

PÈRE GRATRY.

xxix To Jesus self-sacrifice always is a means of freedom. That is what always gives to the self-denials which He demands a triumphant and enthusiastic air. Not because you have not deserved to enjoy it, not because it is wicked to enjoy it, but because there is another enjoyment more worthy of your nature, for which the native appetite shall show itself in you the moment that you really lay hold of it; therefore let this first inferior enjoyment go; and by this conception of the purpose of self-sacrifice, Christ's law and limit of

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self-sacrifice is always settled. One day a young man came to Jesus. "What lack I yet?" And then said Jesus, "Go and sell all that thou hast, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me." He did not say, "You do not deserve wealth." He did not say, "It is wicked to be rich." He only said, "You will be free if you are poor, and then I can lead you to the Father, in whom you shall find yourself." — BISHOP BROOKS.

xxx Hark, how I 'll bribe you.
Aye, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them, but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR THE MONTH OF
MAY



Solitude

I HAVE trodden the wine-press alone.

ISAIAH lxiii. 3.

When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone.

S. JOHN vi. 15.

ii “I have trodden the wine-press alone.” The sound of the words is solemn and pensive and almost mournful. It lingers on the ear like the sigh of a lonely spirit. It seems to speak of those burdens which the human soul must bear alone, the dangers it must struggle with alone, and of those great crises of existence in which the arm of friendship and the heart of love are withdrawn or are unavailing. . . . We are made for society, and we are also made for solitude. We are made for the free and confiding converse of our fellow-men, and we are made for lonely thoughts and emotions in which none living may take part. There are a thousand

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ways in which God will have us feel that we are one for mutual aid, and He has ways also to teach us that we are so many separate beings and pass before Him one by one, and can lean only upon Him, and have no other stay. . . . No closet, no Christianity. So teaches our Lord, and so teaches all the experience of His followers.

DR. GEORGE PUTNAM.

iii Spirituality did ever choose loneliness. For there the far, the departed, the loved, the unseen, the divine, throng freely in, and there is no let or hindrance to the desires of our souls. Memory, the glass in which we gaze on the absent, is called into requisition least where the present are thickest. Solitude is our trysting-place with the dead. God be thanked no earthly power can close that retreat or bar us from the sinless fellowship it holds. — DR. W. R. ALGER.

iv It is an awful truth, that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world, — among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God. — WORDSWORTH.

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b We live too little within. What has become of that inner eye which God has given us to keep watch over the soul, to be the witness of the mysterious play of thought, the ineffable movement of life, in the tabernacle of humanity? It is shut; it sleeps. — MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

bi The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,

Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something we thought, is blotted; we resolved,

Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.

Nor is it strange: light, motion, concourse, noise,

All scatter us abroad; thought, outward bound,

Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off,

And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

.....
We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells

Remote from multitude; the world's a school

Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!

We must or imitate or disapprove;

Must list as their accomplices or foes;

That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.

YOUNG.

bii I sit upon the sands alone;

The lightning of the noontide ocean

Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion,

How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion!

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I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.

SHELLEY.

Society

vi God setteth the solitary in families.

PSALM lxviii. 6.

These things I command you, that ye love one another. — S. JOHN xv. 17.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.

I JOHN ii. 10.

ix I do not mean by the elevation of the laboring classes an outward change of condition. It is not release from labor. It is not struggling for another rank. It is not political power. I understand something deeper. I know but one elevation of a human being, and that is Elevation of Soul. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being consists in the exercise, growth, energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upward to the skies by a foreign force; but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings and soars by its own living power. . . . I maintain that the philosophy which does not see in the laws and phenomena of outward nature the means of awakening Mind is

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lamentably shortsighted; and that a state of society which leaves the mass of men to be crushed and famished in soul by excessive toils on matter is at war with God's designs, and turns into means of bondage what was meant to free and expand the soul. — DR. CHANNING.

¶ Very hateful to the fervid heart and sincere mind of Dante would have been the modern theory which deals with sin as involuntary error, and by shifting off the fault to the shoulders of Atavism or those of Society, personified for purposes of excuse, but escaping into impersonality again from the grasp of retribution, weakens that sense of personal responsibility which is the root of self-respect and the safeguard of character. "It is Thou," he says sternly, "who hast done this thing, and Thou, not Society, shalt be damned for it; nay, damned all the worse for this paltry subterfuge." — LOWELL.

¶ I put no faith in any indefinite advancement of Society; but I believe in the development and progress of the individual human being. If we study carefully a representation of Society moulded, as it were, upon the living form, with all its good and all its evil, we shall find that while thought (or rather passion, which is thought and feeling combined) is the social element and bond, it is also an element of destruction. In this respect the social life is like the physical life: races and men attain longevity only by the non-exhaustion of the vital

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force. Consequently, instruction, or to speak more correctly, religious education, is the great principle of the life of Society, the only means of diminishing the total of evil and augmenting the total of good in human life. Thought, the fountain of all good and of all evil, cannot be trained, mastered, and directed except by religion; and the only possible religion is Christianity, which created the modern world and will preserve it. — BALZAC.

xi Crouch'd on the pavement, close by Belgrave Square,
A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied.
A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

Some laboring men, whose work lay somewhere there,
Pass'd opposite; she touch'd her girl, who hied
Across, and begg'd, and came back satisfied.
The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

Thought I: "Above her state this spirit towers;
She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
Of sharers in a common human fate.

"She turns from that cold succor which attends
The unknown little from the unknowing great,
And points us to a better time than ours."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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xiii God is in fact the Preserver and Father of all that is in the world, and He acts in everything that acts, not as the workman who labors and grows weary, but as an omnipotent virtue which operates. — ARISTOTLE.

xiv Our ordinary life with one another, what in the language of the world we call *society*, has so left and lost the spontaneousness of natural impulse and so failed to attain the highest conception of itself as the family of God, it so hangs fast in the dull middle regions of conventional propriety and selfish expediency, that it becomes not the fountain, but the grave, of individuality. Nowhere do we find on earth that picture of society reconstructed by the idea of Jesus, — society around the throne of God, which shines out upon us from the mysterious promises of the Apocalypse, the glory of which society is to be this: that while the souls stand in their vast choruses of hundreds of thousands, yet each bears the sacred name written on the flesh of his own forehead, and carries in his hand a white stone on which is written a new name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. . . . It is in the wonderful combination of the vast and transcendental with the minute and the familiar in Him who was both “conceived by the Holy Ghost” and also “born of the Virgin Mary,” that the fitness of the Saviour not merely for the rescue of the soul, but for the salvation of society, is found. — BISHOP BROOKS.

God Alone Enough for Us

rb I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. — GENESIS xv. 1.

Our sufficiency is of God. — II CORINTHIANS iii. 5.


rb The contemplation of God and nothing but it is able fully to open and relieve the mind; to unlock, occupy, and fix our affections. We may indeed love created things with great intenseness, but such affection, when disjoined from the love of the Creator, is like a stream running in a narrow channel, impetuous, vehement, turbid. The heart runs out only at one door; it is not an expanding of the whole man. Created natures cannot open to us or elicit the ten thousand mental senses which belong to us, and through which we really live. None but the presence of our Maker can enter us, for to none besides can the whole heart in all its thoughts and feelings be unlocked and subjected. . . . We know that even our nearest friends enter into us but partially, and hold intercourse with us only at times; whereas the consciousness of a perfect and enduring presence, and it alone, keeps our heart open. . . . If it be not over-bold to say it — He who is infinite alone can be its measure. He alone can answer to that mysterious assemblage of feelings and thoughts which it has within it.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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rbii Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beautiful
of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I
loved Thee! And behold, Thou wert within and I
abroad, and there I searched for Thee; deformed
I, plunging amid those fair forms, which Thou
hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not
with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which,
unless they were in Thee, were not at all. . . .
When I shall with my whole self cleave to Thee, I
shall nowhere have sorrow or labor; and my life
shall wholly live, as wholly full of Thee. But now
since whom Thou fillest Thou liftest up, because I
am not full of Thee I am a burden to myself.

S. AUGUSTINE.

rbiii But what is infinite must be a home, 
A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth,
Far from the touch of strife.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home
Nor drift away from Thee.

Out on that sea we are in harbor still,
And scarce advert to winds and tides
Like ships that ride at anchor with the waves
Flapping against their sides.

FABER.

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rix Be sure that in God alone can the deep cravings of our immortal being find enough. He has so made man's heart for Himself that it is ever restless until it finds rest in Him.

CARDINAL MANNING.

rx Christ! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you,
Aye, for me too He greatly hath sufficed:
Lo, with no winning words I will entice you,
Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Then with a ripple and a radiance through me
Rise and be manifest, O Morning Star!
Flow on my soul thou Spirit, and renew me,
Fill with Thyself, and let the rest be far.

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through
sinning,
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

xxi Where hath it ever been well with me without Thee? or when could it be ill with me, when Thou wert present?

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For many friends cannot profit, nor strong helpers assist, nor prudent counsellors give a profitable answer, nor the books of the learned afford comfort, nor any precious substance deliver, nor any place, however retired and lovely, give shelter, unless Thou Thyself dost assist, help, strengthen, console, instruct, and guard me. — A KEMPIS.

Knowing God

xxii I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord.

HOSEA ii. 20.

That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings.

PHILIPPIANS iii. 10.

xxiii Is there in human nature a faculty separate from the faculties by which we judge of the things of sense and the abstractions of the pure intellect, but yet a true and trustworthy faculty, for knowing God — for knowing God in some such way as we know the spirits and souls, half disclosed, half concealed under the mask and garment of the flesh, among whom we have been brought up, among whom we live? Can we know Him in such a true sense as we know those whom we love and those whom we dislike? Is there a faculty in the human soul for knowing its Maker and God — knowing Him, though behind the veil — knowing Him, though flesh and blood can never see Him — knowing Him, though the questioning in-

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telleet loses itself in the thought of Him? . . . In the Psalms is the evidence of that faculty. The proof that the living God can be known by man is that He can be loved and longed for with all the freedom and naturalness and hope of human affection. The answer whether God has given to man the faculty to know Him might be sought in vain in the Vedas or the Zendavesta. It is found in the book of Psalms. — DEAN CHURCH.

xxv One day, at the corner of a street, in some solitary path, we stop—we listen, and a voice whispers to us in the centre of our souls, “Behold, there is Jesus Christ,” a heavenly moment in which the soul, after gazing on a thousand perishable beauties, discovers at a single glance that one Beauty which can never deceive. Those who have never experienced this may treat it as a dream, but those who have once beheld what I speak of can never forget it more. . . . I can no longer love any one, without the soul stealing behind the heart, so that Jesus Christ stands between us.

LACORDAIRE.

xxv He who has never watched in sorrow, and watered his bed with tears, knows you not, ye heavenly powers. — GOETHE.

x **xxvi** The more I study happy people, the more I feel terrified at their incapacity for divine things; that is, with some few exceptions. And even what we take for exceptions may probably

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only seem such from our ignorance of the real state of the heart. Suffering has a thousand unknown doors by which to enter, besides those grand ones which are seen by all the world. It makes itself many a secret way, hidden perhaps by flowers, and travels fast and far; for it is the most active of God's messengers. It carries the cross of Jesus Christ; and humanity is so shaped as to allow of that burden passing everywhere. Whoever attains to the knowledge and love of God has nothing to desire and nothing to regret; he has received the highest of all gifts, which ought to make us forget all besides. — LACORDAIRE.

xxvii One of the greatest trials and miseries of this life seems to me to be the absence of a grand spirit to keep the body under control; illnesses and grievous afflictions, though they are a trial, I think nothing of if the soul is strong, for it praises God, and sees that everything comes from His hand. But to be on the one hand suffering, and on the other doing nothing, is to be in a fearful state, especially for a soul that has had earnest desires never to rest inwardly or outwardly.

S. THERESA.

xxviii In contrast with the *moral* impulse of the mind which looks at the *differences* of things is the *devout* which seeks their *unity*. . . . We sigh for a conscious *union with God*, which is far from being implied in mere *obedience* to Him; nay, which is excluded till obedience gives place to

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a freer and less reluctant harmony with Him. . . . Without this mood of contemplative oneness with God, this genial melting of our life in His, there may be in us no want of masculine sense and energy, of clear truth and honor, of faithful constancy under temptation; but there will also be a Jewish hardness and narrowness of mind, a dry, unmelting temper, an egotistic and critical irreverence for all that will not submit to our survey. If aspiration is not to die out from our religion, — if affection and self-oblivion are not to fly away and leave it empty of all diviner habitant, — if the love of God, as a passion and a power, is not to be insultingly dismissed among the romances of the past, we must open a more hospitable heart to the Gospel of the Spirit, and more deeply enter into the life of the living God. — DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

xxix Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows !
I see from far thy beauteous light ;
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“ I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.”
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, is all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, TR. BY JOHN WESLEY.

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xxx Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

xxxi Thou, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know thine own;
Thou to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave, —
Save, O, save !

From the world's temptations ;
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —
Save, O, save !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FOR THE MONTH OF
JUNE



Doubts

LORD, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.

S. MARK ix. 24.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. — HEBREWS iii. 12.

ii Why should we reject that light which consoles the heart because it is mingled with obscurity which humbles the intellect? Should not the true religion elevate and lower man by showing him at once his greatness and his weakness? You have not, as yet, a sufficiently enlarged view of Christianity. . . . We are not to examine whether it is necessary for God to reveal to us mysteries in order to humble our understanding. The question is whether or not He has revealed them. If He has spoken, obedience and love cannot be separated. Christianity is a fact. . . . Does not God possess an infinite knowledge which we have not? If He makes known some part of it by supernatural

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means, we are no longer to examine into the nature of what is revealed, but into the certainty of the revelation; mysteries appear to us to be inconsistent without in reality being so. — FÉNELON.

iii When St. Louis himself was troubled, how many souls must have doubted, and suffered in silence! But the bitterness of this first falling off in faith was that men shrank from avowing it. At this day we are inured and hardened to the torments of doubt: the points are blunted. . . . Christ himself, of whom Job was the type, experienced this anguish of doubt, this night of the soul, when not a star appears above the horizon. 'T is the last pang of the Passion; the summit of the cross. . . . Although the Passion is active and voluntary, inasmuch as this will is in a body, this soul in a covering, this God in a man, there is a moment of fear and doubt. It is this which rends in twain the veil of the temple, which shrouds the earth in darkness, which troubles me as I read the Gospel, and which to this day wrings tears from me. That God should have doubted God! that the sacred victim should have said, "Father, Father, have you then forsaken me"! — MICHELET. !!

iv The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd ;

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

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Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

b A little philosophy withdraws us from religion, X
but a good deal of philosophy brings us back to it
again : nobody denies the existence of God, except-
ing the man who has reason to wish that there were
none. — BACON.

bi You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true :

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them.

TENNYSON.

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bii From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble ;
Where just men suffer wrong ;
Where faiths are built on dust ;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea ;
O, set us free !

O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb ;
Let all words be mild ;
All strife be reconciled ;
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness ;
Love no unkindness ;
Knowledge no ruin ;
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave, —
Save, O, save ! MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Faith

biii Now faith is the substance of things hoped
for. — HEBREWS xi. 1.

Ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep,
as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice and
I know them and they follow me.

S. JOHN x. 26, 27.

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ix What is here said about exercises of reason in order to believing? What is there not said of sympathetic feeling, of newness of spirit, of love? The safeguard of faith is a right state of heart. This it is which gives it birth; it also disciplines it. . . . It is holiness, or dutifulness, or the new creation, or the spiritual mind, however we word it, which is the quickening and illuminating principle of true faith, giving it eyes, and hands, and feet. It is Love which forms it out of the rude chaos into an image of Christ. . . . We believe because we love. How plain a truth. — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

x There is a Christian experience which depends very little upon sight, and is a faith more than it is anything else because it is the answer to the appeal which Jesus makes to our consciences, and our moral sense, and our innate religiousness, — our welcome of the Master's sweet and comfortable words, our joyful response to His Gospel of forgiveness and Divine help, and life and immortality. . . . It is blessed to believe in Him because He brings us to God, and reconciles us to man, and Himself takes our infirmities, and speaks to us words of eternal life. Blessed are they who believe in the perpetuity of Christianity because they see how independent it is of so much knowledge which may be discredited, and of so much opinion which may become only a fashion of the past, and how it creates ages of faith instead of being created by them.

DR. RUFUS ELLIS.

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xi There is no power but in conviction. If a train of reasoning is strong, a poem divine, a picture beautiful, it is because the understanding or the eye, to whose judgment they are submitted, is convinced of a certain truth, hidden in this reasoning, this poem, this picture. . . . Friendship, patriotism, love, every noble sentiment, is likewise a species of faith. For the same reason, they who believe nothing, who treat all the convictions of the soul as illusions, who consider every noble action as insanity, — for the same reason such hearts will never achieve anything great or generous: they have faith only in matter and in death, and they are already insensible as the one, and cold and icy as the other. . . . Faith, celestial comforter, thou dost more than remove mountains: thou takest away the heavy burdens by which the heart of man is grievously oppressed! — CHATEAUBRIAND.

xii The eye is not made for the source of light, but only for the objects which the rays from that source strike. This fact is full of deep meaning. It is the same with our soul. In the natural state of man, our soul is incapable of seeing God himself; but it is made for the light which He diffuses, and which He sheds upon that soul and upon all objects. To see God himself requires a modification of human nature, a conversion, a transformation; or rather a new birth, which man cannot by his own efforts attain, and which God alone, who created him, can give him. After this supernatural new birth, the soul can and should see

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God. And its first look at God is faith, — faith which is dim at first, like the first inkling of a great light, but which becomes clear vision in proportion to the growth of our soul. — PÈRE GRATRY.

riii Faith, that dawning vision.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

Faith, that attempt at vision. — BOSSUET.

rii Lord! I believe; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak:
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes! I believe, and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou my unbelief.

DR. JOHN R. WREFORD.

Perfection through Suffering

rv Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father
which is in heaven is perfect.

S. MATTHEW v. 48.

For it became him, for whom are all things, and
by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto
glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect
through sufferings. — HEBREWS ii. 10.

rv In the Cross is salvation, in the Cross is life,
in the Cross is strength of mind, in the Cross

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joy of spirit, in the Cross the height of virtue, in the Cross the perfection of sanctity. — À KEMPIS.

rbii You are good; you want to be better, and you are making great efforts in the details of life; but I am afraid that you are encroaching rather too much upon the inner life in order to adapt the outer life to the demands of society, and that you are not sufficiently denying the very inmost self. . . . We sometimes indulge in certain half-concealed clingings to our grandeur, our reputation, our comforts. If we look carefully within ourselves, we shall find that there are certain limits beyond which we refuse to go in offering ourselves to God. We hover around these reservations, making believe not to see them, for fear of self-reproach, — guarding them as the apple of the eye. The more we shrink from giving up any such reserved point, the more certain it is that it needs to be given up.

FÉNELON.

rbiii The perfect way is hard to flesh,
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be.

FABER.

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ix If you touch the Cross, it will leave its mark upon you. If you bear no print of the Cross, be sure that you have never touched it yet. Sorrow, humility, self-denial, a tender conscience, a spirit of love, — these are the marks of the Lord Jesus, the print of the nails, and the pledges of our pardon.

CARDINAL MANNING.

x If ever we are left to look upon the cross and all that it symbolizes as a stumbling-block and foolishness, and to think how much more fit and attractive it would have been if our Leader had been made one of the bright children of the morning, and his life made all beautiful through this world's felicities and charms, let us remember that this world's prosperity and beauty and joy, though they are God's gifts, though they are meant for men, and may be sought and welcomed and gratefully enjoyed, are not the highest things, — are not a religion nor the basis of a religion, — are of the world, worldly; good, but not best; beautiful, but not the most beautiful; not a religion; that love and duty and self-renunciation and superiority to the world, — that these are highest and best, that these are religion, that the Leader and Christ must shine preëminently in these, and that these can flourish and blossom and ripen only under the shadow of a cross, and that, therefore, the cross is not an offence or a foolishness, but a necessity and a boon, the one true symbol of God's best love and man's highest hope and destiny.

DR. GEORGE PUTNAM.

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xxi God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Knowledge from Obedience

xxii If any man will do his will, he shall know
of the doctrine. — S. JOHN vii. 17.
Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, and
cometh not to the light, that his works may not be
reproved. — S. JOHN iii. 20.

xxiii Intellectual errors result from moral defects.
The soul of man is one and indivisible, and
the intellect and will are but diverse faculties of this
one indivisible soul. As one speck of dust obscures
the sight, so one disordered affection will influence
and pervert the judgment. And this the more
powerfully because its action is so often unper-
ceived.

Of this power to warp the judgment, Hobbes
had before remarked that if men had any interests
at stake, they would doubt and deny the axioms of
Euclid. — HETTINGER.

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xxv As the man is, so is his God;
Therefore is God so often mocked.

GOETHE.

xxv The human intellect is not a dry light, but receives a tincture from the will and affections; hence it generates knowledge according to its wishes, for what a man would rather was true, that he more easily believes. — BACON.

x xxvi If the proposition that three angles of a triangle equalled two right angles involved any moral obligation, its truth would soon be called in question. — DE BONALD.

xxvii In all human science and knowledge the will is the immediate and principal agent. For it is the will which finally determines the intelligence, and which, by its own power, can reject any conclusion whether necessary or deduced.

ULRICI.

xxviii All knowledge must be based on morals, or at least has its moral side; man cannot grasp with his intellect truths which his heart rejects, since in hardening his will he hardens also his understanding against the truth. The immediate cause of error is indeed in the darkening of the understanding, but its root lies in corruption of the will and its revolt from God. The chief sources of our errors are, then, to be found in the will. Indeed, we never discover the moral character

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of an error until we have overcome and rejected it, then its connection with our inclinations and faults is plain. — DÖLLINGER.

xxix In God's spiritual universe there are no favorites of heaven who can attain knowledge and spiritual wisdom apart from obedience. It is not a rare, partial condescension of God, arbitrary and causeless, which gives knowledge of the Truth to some, and shuts it out from others; but a vast, universal, glorious law. The light lighteth every man that cometh into the world. "If any man shall do His will, he shall know." . . . You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, What is Truth? In such an hour what remains? I reply, Obedience. Leave those thoughts for the present. Act—be merciful and gentle—honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true to the Duty that you know. *That* must be right whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you, "You shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

F. W. ROBERTSON.

xxx But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire obedience to the Law
Of Conscience revered and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And His most perfect image in the world.

FOR THE MONTH OF
JULY



Freedom

LET the oppressed go free. — ISAIAH lviii. 6.
And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. — S. JOHN viii. 32.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. — S. JOHN viii. 36.

ii The body of the laws and the spirit of them should tend to enlighten *to the utmost* the People, that is, persons who own nothing, workmen, proletaries, etc., so as to advance them as soon as possible into the easy circumstances of the intermediate class. But, while so doing, the People should be kept under a powerful control, so that its individuals may be able to find light, help, and protection; and that no ideas, no combinations or intrigues, should make it turbulent. The greatest liberty should be given to the upper class, for it has much to preserve and all to lose, and cannot, therefore, become licentious. The government should have all possible power. Thus, the government,

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the upper class, and the middle class have each an interest in making the lowest class happy and able to rise into the middle class, in which lies the real power of all States. This system appears to me, not the best, but the least defective. — BALZAC.

iii The principles of Christianity are the future of the world. Of all my projects, my studies, and my experiences, nothing remains to me save a complete disenchantment of everything that the world pursues. My religious convictions, as they have grown and developed, have swallowed up all other convictions; on the whole earth there is not a more believing Christian and a more incredulous man than myself. Far from having reached its final term, the religion of the Great Deliverer has scarcely entered its third or political period. The gospel which contains our sentence of acquittal has not yet been read by all. . . . Christianity, so stable in its dogmas, is ever changeful in its lights: its transformation includes the transformation of all things. When it shall have attained its highest point the darkness will be entirely cleared away; Liberty, crucified on Calvary with the Messiah, will thence descend with Him; and she will restore to the nations that New Testament which was written in their favor, and which has hitherto been fettered in its operation. — CHATEAUBRIAND.

ib The conception of man's freedom as ethical and spiritual, as resting upon the infinite worth of human personality, and its direct relation with the

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Divine Personality, has been the direct source of all that is noblest in modern civilization. It is a principle which has been too strong for the usurpations, whether of Churches or of States, and which has issued in the gradual emancipation of the forces which make up individual life. Liberty of person, liberty of property, liberty of worship, liberty of education, — they are all the fruits of what Victor Hugo has called finely, if with too French rhetoric, the Tree of Liberty which was planted on Golgotha eighteen centuries ago.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

b The rule of the people looks to something higher than opportunity for every man to have food and a home, to something more than putting a church, a school, and a newspaper at every man's door. Saints and heroes, philosophers and poets, are a people's glory. They give us nobler loves, higher thoughts, diviner aims. They show us how like a god man may become; and political and social institutions which make saints and heroes, philosophers and poets impossible can have but inferior value. — BISHOP SPALDING.

bi Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years

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Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

TENNYSON.

vi Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropped
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas ;
Another heart that beat for freedom stopped —
What mournful words are these !

Yet Thou hast called him, nor art Thou unkind,
O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will
That gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for Freedom still.

LOWELL.

Liberty

viii Though I be free from all men, yet have I
made myself servant unto all, that I might
gain the more. — I CORINTHIANS ix. 19.

I came down from Heaven not to do my own
will, but the will of Him that sent me. My meat is
to do the will of Him that sent me.

S. JOHN iv. 34.

ix My own teaching has been and is that Liberty,
whether in the body, soul, or political estate of

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man, is only another word for Death, and the final issue of Death — Putrefaction; the body, spirit, and political estate being healthy only by their bonds and laws.— RUSKIN.

¶ When God made man in the beginning, He gave him a perfect liberty. Now the first temptation came through the intellect, and as it passed through the thoughts, it wrought upon the soul, it undermined the steadfastness of the will. The abuse of its liberty and power was this: to do evil, to break the known law. . . . The Sacred Heart of Christ our Lord and King is always by the power of His love attracting the human will in all its freedom to Himself. Out of the unwilling He creates the willing. Liberty without Jesus Christ is the worst of bondage. My yoke is sweet, my burden light. Liberty is in the heart. True liberty is in the service of Him who must reign until He hath put all His enemies under His feet.

CARDINAL MANNING.

¶ The founders of New England were sober, earnest, and thoughtful men; and it was no Utopia, no New Atlantis, no realization of a splendid dream, which they had at heart, but the establishment of the divine principle of Authority on the common interest and the common consent; the making, by a contribution from the free-will of all, a power which should curb and guide the free-will of each for the general good. . . . John of Leyden had taught them how unendurable by the nostrils

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of honest men is the corruption of the right of private judgment in the evil and selfish hearts of men when no thorough mental training has developed the understanding and given the judgment its needful means of comparison and correction. They knew that liberty in the hands of feeble-minded and unreasoning persons (and all the worse if they are honest) means nothing more than the supremacy of their particular form of imbecility ; means nothing less, therefore, than downright chaos, a Bedlam-chaos of monomaniacs and bores. — LOWELL. X

rii To know the truth and obey it makes us free. To know the truths of the physical and material world and to act in accordance with them makes us free in the domain of the body and the senses. To know the laws of intelligence and to obey them makes the intellect free to discover the truth. To know the moral laws and obey them frees us from the power of moral evil. To know the laws of the spiritual world and to conform ourselves to them gives to us the glorious liberty of the sons of God. The freedom of man, at first hardly more than caprice, may rise into the freedom of obedience, and thus becomes perfect. It begins as a feeble instinct, and becomes a majestic power. . . . As man allies himself with immortal truth and infinite good, his powers expand till he possesses the world. It is by this law that all things work together for good to them that love God.

DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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riii Weak is the people — but will grow beyond
all other —

Within thy holy arms, thou fruitful victor-Mother !
O Liberty, whose conquering flag is never furled —
Thou bearest Him in whom is centred all the
World.

VICTOR HUGO.

rii Do I not love thee, Lord most High,
In answer to thy love for me ?

I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to thee.

My God, I here protest to thee,
No other will I have than thine ;
Whatever thou hast given me
I here again to thee resign.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, TR. BY CASWALL.

Intellect. Genius

rv I have given thee a wise and an understanding
heart. — I KINGS iii. 12.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear ; but of
power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

II TIMOTHY i. 7.

Gird up the loins of your mind. — I PETER i. 13.

rvii The word Truth, then, is distinctly a word of
the intellect. Whatever other elements may
enter in, however it may enlarge itself, and become
a word of the entire nature, the intellectual element

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can never be cast out of it. He whose favorite word is truth must be a man who values intellectual life, who is not satisfied unless his own intellect is living, and who conceives of his fellow-men as beings in whom the intellect is an important and valuable part. This must belong to any habitual use of the word at all; and so, when we find it appearing constantly upon the lips of Jesus, in the record of that one of his disciples who understood Him best, we feel that we know this at least about Him, — that He cared for the intellect of man, that He desired to exercise some influence upon it, that He was not satisfied simply to win man's affection by his kindness, nor to govern man's will by his authority, but that He also wished to persuade man's mind with truth. — BISHOP BROOKS.

rbii To act with a purpose is what raises man above the brutes; to invent with a purpose, to imitate with a purpose, is that which distinguishes genius from the petty artists who only invent to invent, imitate to imitate. Genius aims at working on our powers of desire and abhorrence with objects that deserve these feelings, and ever strives to show these objects in their true light, in order that no false light may lead us to what we should desire and abhor. The artist should live with steady purpose in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful. The fashion of this world passes, and I would fain occupy myself with that only which constitutes abiding relations. — LESSING.

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xviii The higher the mind, it may be taken as a universal rule, the less it will scorn that which appears to be small or unimportant ; and the rank of a painter may always be determined by observing how he uses, and with what respect he views, the minutiae of nature. Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great. — RUSKIN.

xix The greatness of intellectual men is imperceptible to kings, to the rich, to captains, to all those carnally great. The greatness of Wisdom which is nowhere but in God is imperceptible both to the carnal and to the intellectual. There are three orders differing in kind. Great geniuses have their empire, their renown, their greatness, their victory, and their lustre, and have no need of material grandeurs, with which they have no relation. The saints have their empire, their renown, their victory, their lustre, and have no need of material or intellectual grandeurs, with which they have no relation, for they neither add to them nor take from them. They are seen of God and angels, and not by body and curious intellect. God is sufficient for them. — PASCAL.

xx Every individual nature has its own beauty. There is no face, no form, which one cannot in fancy associate with great power of intellect or with generosity of soul. — EMERSON.

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xxi In some the genius is a thing apart,
A pillared hermit of the brain,
Hoarding with incommunicable art
Its intellectual gain.

His nature brooked no lonely lair,
But basked and burgeoned in co-partnery,
Companionship and open-windowed glee.

And God to him was very God,
And not a visionary wraith
Skulking in murky corners of the mind;
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,
Not with His essence mystically combined,
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,
A perfected and conscious Agassiz.

LOWELL.

Aspects of Sin

xxii If thy hand offend thee, cut it off.

S. MARK ix. 43.

Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. — S. JAMES iv. 17.

And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death. — ACTS xxii. 20.

Why stand ye here all the day idle?

S. MATTHEW xx. 6.

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xxiii One sin involves another, and forever another, by a fatal parthenogenesis, and the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand, that may not be as dark as blood, but that will not out; the perpetual silt of some one weakness, the eddies of a suspicious temper depositing their one impalpable layer after another, may build up a shoal on which an heroic life and an otherwise magnanimous nature may bilge and go to pieces. — LOWELL.

xxiv I do not know of anything in the world which requires so many precautions as love; for the affection by its very nature penetrates the soul and takes possession of all its faculties, and thus the soul is easily carried away by a thousand digressions into deplorable excesses.

S. ANGELA OF FOLIGNE.

xxv Remember that falls are not always by the grosser sins which the world takes count of, but by spiritual sins, subtle and secret, which leave no stain upon the outward life.

CARDINAL MANNING.

xxvi “To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is Sin.” Which of us can meet this test? Who orders his life according to this rule? Who distributes his time in obedience to this law? Who expends his means, that portion of them which he holds himself free to spend, and does spend on things not necessaries, according

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to the suggestions of this spirit? How much of obvious good do we all know, to which we contribute nothing of effort, sacrifice, prayer, or thought to bring it forth into life and being! How many gracious and, in this suffering world, most needful things has God's spirit suggested to our hearts as good, holy, and useful, things that clearly ought to be done, and yet the suggestion received no entertainment from our souls; we turned to our own ways and dismissed it to forgetfulness! How much do we know that would be good — good for our own souls, good for those near to us as our own souls, good for the world — which, being within our power, we yet neither do, nor mean to do!

DR. J. H. THOM.

xxvii My friends, the angry words of God's book are very merciful — they are meant to drive us home; but the tender words, they are sometimes terrible. Notice these, the tenderest words of the tenderest prayer that ever came from the lips of a blessed martyr, — the dying words of the holy Saint Stephen: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Is there nothing dreadful in that? Read it thus: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Not to the charge of them who stoned him? To whose charge then? Go, ask the holy Saint Paul. Three years afterward, praying in the temple at Jerusalem, he answered that question: "I stood by and consented." He answered for himself only; but the Day must come when all that wicked council that sent Saint Stephen away to be stoned, and all that

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city of Jerusalem, must hold up the hand and say, We also, Lord, — we stood by! Ah, friends, under the simpler meaning of that dying saint's prayer for the pardon of his murderers is hidden the terrible truth that we all have a share in one another's sins.

G. W. CABLE.

xxviii We must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation: for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted without the gate at his first knock. — **À KEMPIS.**

xxix The moral office of tragedy is to show us our own weaknesses idealized in grander figures and more awful results, to teach us that what we pardon in ourselves as venial faults, if they seem to have but slight influence on our immediate fortunes, have arms as long as those of kings, and reach forward to the catastrophe of our lives; that they are dry-rotting the very fibre of will and conscience, so that if we should be brought to the test of a great temptation, or a stringent emergency, we must be involved in a ruin as sudden and complete as that we shudder at in the unreal scene of the theatre.

LOWELL.

xxx The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the
street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?

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Or golden coins squandered, and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in hell, who thirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death,
God knows, I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
“ I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me ? ”
“ And I — and I — thyself (lo ! each one saith),
And thou thyself, to all eternity.”

DANTE ROSSETTI.

xxxi The sinfulness of sin consists not only in the specific evil of each particular act, but in the whole of our case before God; in our relation to Him, His holiness, compassion, and long-suffering; in His dealings with us, and our ingratitude, coldness, insensibility, in return.

CARDINAL MANNING.

FOR THE MONTH OF
AUGUST



Animals

OUT of the ground the Lord God formed every
beast of the field and every fowl of the air.

GENESIS ii. 19.

Who provideth for the raven his food.

JOB xxxviii. 41.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom? — JOB xxxix. 26.

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command?

JOB xxxix. 27.

Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle
upon a thousand hills. — PSALM l. 10.

ii Can anything be more marvellous or startling,
unless we were used to it, than that we should
have a race of beings about us whom we do but see,
and as little know their state, or can describe their
interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the in-
habitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very
overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds
on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold, inter-
course with creatures who are as much strangers to

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us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the Angels than about the brutes. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountability, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, seem to retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend upon them in various important ways ; we use their labor, we eat their flesh.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

iii I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

FABER.

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ib Only a fallen horse stretched out there on the
road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the
heavy load ;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast
to rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over — no more labor for him ;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient
eyes grow dim ;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the
head —
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to
be dead ;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load — wait-
ing only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts
and straps —
Fell, and the burden killed him ; one of the day's
mishaps —
One of the passing wonders marking the city
road —
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

b He whose tender mercies are over all his works
hath placed a principle in the human mind,
which incites to exercise goodness towards every
living creature ; and this being singly attended to,

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people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but when frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

vi Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert dead;

Not only for a thousand thoughts that were
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy
share;

But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!

For love, that comes to all — the holy sense,
Best gift of God — in thee was most intense;

A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind

Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:

Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw

The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law:—

Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;

Our tears from passion and from reason came,

And, therefore, shalt thou be an honored name!

WORDSWORTH.

vii Plato, anticipating the reviewers,

From his republic banished without pity

The poets: in this little town of yours,

You put to death, by means of a committee,

The ballad-singers and the troubadours,

The street-musicians of the heavenly city,

The birds, who make sweet music for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

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How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?

LONGFELLOW.

The Sea

viii There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet. — JEREMIAH xlix. 23.

But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. — ISAIAH lvii. 20.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. — REVELATION xxi. 1.

ix To one familiar with the aspects of the sea, and yet not so familiar with them as to make them commonplace, — to such an one the sea is perhaps the most impressive part of the creation. There is nothing in nature, except perhaps the evening sky, that gives such an impression of *infinity* as the ocean. To the eye, and almost to the imagination, it is boundless. To the plummet, it is unfathomable. Its depths are secret and mysterious. And the power which the sea exhibits deepens this feeling of infinity. The sea, ever moving, never resting,

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heaving every moment from its foundations, and sending its huge tidal waves, as by one act, around the globe, — one hour so tranquil and beneficent, and the next a devouring monster, — to-day bearing the navies of the earth gently upon its friendly bosom, and to-morrow, it may be, ready to wrench them to pieces by its violence, — it is, as it were, a living omnipotence, — the visible type of Almighty power, put forth in sensible reality.

DR. GEORGE PUTNAM.

x Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful, the strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June.
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men ;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.

EMERSON.

xi Trust to the guiding god, follow the silent sea ;
Were shore not yet there, 't would now arise
from the wave ;
For Nature is to Genius linked eternally,
And ever will perform the promise Genius gave.

SCHILLER.

xii Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

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Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.

xiii Yes, in the sea of life en-isl'd
With echoing straits between us thrown
Dotting the shoreless watery wild
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

Who ordered that their longing's fire
Should be as soon as kindled, cooled?
Who renders vain their deep desire?
A God, a God their severance ruled;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

xiv Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call;
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

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In ocean caves still safe with thee
The germs of immortality:
So, calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.

Mysticism

rb I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet. — REVELATION i. 10.

I was in the city of Joppa praying: and in a trance I saw a vision. — ACTS xi. 5.

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. — II PETER i. 21.

rb One acted upon by the first is, indeed, rapt out of himself; he is in the Spirit, he is in an ecstasy, he is very much more than "*moved* by the Holy Ghost," as we have rendered it. . . . But then he is not *beside* himself; he is *lifted above*, not *set beside*, his everyday self. It is not discord and disorder, but a higher harmony and a diviner order, which are introduced into his soul; so that he is not as one overborne in the region of his lower life by forces stronger than his own, by an insurrection from beneath; but his spirit is lifted out of that region into a clearer atmosphere, a diviner day, than any in which at other times it is permitted him to breathe. All that he before had still remains his, only purged, exalted, quickened,

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by a power higher than his own, but yet not alien to his own; for man is most truly man when he is most filled with the fulness of God.

ARCHBP. TRENCH.

rbii Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones :

Ye knew him not; he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn :
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction : he hath felt
The vanities of after and before ;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linked woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.

TENNYSON.

rbiii I believe that the writings of the mystics are the purest diamonds of the prodigious treasure of humanity. . . . Mystical truths have over ordinary truths a strange privilege ; they can neither grow old nor die. . . . It is not only in heaven and on earth, it is especially in ourselves, that there are more things than all the philosophies can contain, and as soon as we are no longer obliged to formulate what there is mysterious in us, we are more profound than all that has been written, and greater than all that exists. It is unfortunate for us, said Carlyle, if we have in us only what we can express and make visible. — MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

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xix Gregory the Great, in the midst of overwhelming secular affairs in all quarters, had, nevertheless, ecstasies which delivered him for a moment from their weight, and transported him, by contemplation, into the very midst of the beatitudes of paradise. As soon as it was allowed him to taste a few hours of solitude, celestial visions came to re-fill and refresh his soul. These supernatural graces made no change in the humility which was, as it were, the foundation of his being, and never slackened his efforts to merit Heaven.

MONTALEMBERT.

xx Do you believe in the mutual penetration of minds? Do you believe that, independent of word and voice, independent of distance, from one end of the world to the other, minds can influence and penetrate one another? Do you believe, as Fénelon says, that in God all men meet? Do you believe that a thought, a movement, a love, an impulse, can reach you by the secret influence of the heart and mind of another? Or rather do you not know that every soul continually lives by the movement of other souls, resists, yields to, agrees perpetually with them? Do you not know that a soul can feel within it another soul which touches it? If you do not know this, you do not know the everyday things of earth; how, then, can you comprehend the things of heaven? — PÈRE GRATRY.

xxi Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;

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I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

TENNYSON.

Rich and Poor

xxii I was a father to the poor. — JOB xxix. 16.
Both low and high, rich and poor together.

PSALM xlix. 2.

The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of
riches. — S. MARK iv. 19.

The rich he hath sent empty away.

S. LUKE i. 53.

xxiii Only Christ the Saviour is able to create the
synthesis of the neighbor and the enemy.
He is the God-Man, and in Him extremes meet and
are transformed, — love and hate, purity and sin,
faith and knowledge, spirit and matter. In His
presence the divisions and antagonisms that em-
bitter and poison life die away. He is not the Sav-
iour of the Jew or the Gentile, of the Greek or the
barbarian, of the freeman or the slave, but of man
simply. The love and mercy which bowed the

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heavens and brought Him down were wide and deep as humanity. In Heaven is the Father of all, and on earth all men are brothers.

BISHOP SPALDING.

xxv There is no escaping the severity of the Saviour upon the matter of wealth and poverty. Strange to say, to the casual reader of the Sacred Scriptures, it seems the one subject upon which His words always ring with a terrible directness against the trespasser. The repentant thief — the outcast who turned in his misery upon the cross — had only to look to be forgiven. The sudden anger of St. Peter and his unhappy denials of his Saviour were made light of. Magdalen had but to fall at His feet to hear her pardon pronounced. But these rich, who know not their brothers, how relentlessly does He always speak to them!

“Woe to you that are rich, for you have your consolation.” “Woe to you that are filled.” And again he said, “Go to, now, ye rich men — weep and howl in your miseries, which shall come upon you.” “I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat.”

DR. J. BRISBEN WALKER.

xxv Don Diego de Ordenez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted forth his challenge
To the warders on the wall.
All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,

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As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living in their houses,
And in their graves the dead !
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine and oil and bread !
There is a greater army
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odors fill the air ;
But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.
And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain.

LONGFELLOW.

xxvi Creation was divine kindness. This is an honorable genealogy for kindness. Then, again, kindness is the coming to the rescue of others, when they need it and it is in our power to supply what they need ; and this is the work of the attributes of God toward his creatures. . . . The burden of life presses heavily upon multitudes of the children of men. It is a yoke, very often of such a peculiar nature that familiarity, instead of practically lightening it, makes it harder to bear.

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There are many men to whom life is always approaching the unendurable. It stops only just short of it. . . . There are some men whose practical talents are completely swamped by the keenness of their sense of injustice. . . . What is our life? It is a mission to go into every corner it can reach, and reconquer for God's beatitude his unhappy world back to him. — FABER.

xxvii To see their fellow-creatures under difficulties to which they are in no degree accessory tends to awaken tenderness in the minds of all reasonable people; but if we consider the condition of those who are depressed in answering our demands, who labor for us out of our sight while we pass our time in fulness, and consider also that much less than we demand would supply us with things really useful, what heart will not relent, or what reasonable man can refrain from mitigating that grief of which he himself is the cause, when he may do so without inconvenience?

JOHN WOOLMAN.

xxviii Under the smooth surface of wealth and easy manners, there may be more of that known violation of Right which constitutes *sin*, more of what corrupts man's nature, of impure thoughts, of mean ambitions, of low cares, of sickly desires, of worthless interests. It is extremely difficult to judge of the amount of *wrong* that attaches to any case. . . . And even supposing actual

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sin in the case of the exposed man, still judgment on it proceeding from us may be a condemnation of ourselves. What should *we* have been in *his* place? What was his education? What sounds and sights greeted his young sense? What were his parents? . . . Shall sin in *him* be weighed in the same scales as sin in *us*? Or shall our *respectabilities* entitle us before God to as high a place as he may win, notwithstanding actual sins? When opportunities are compared, who will be certain as to the balance of merit? A saint's life in one man may be less than common honesty in another.

DR. J. H. THOM.

xxix Islam, like any great Faith and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equalizer of men: the soul of one believer outweighs all earthly kingships; all men, according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it: he marks down by law how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income, whatever that may be, is the *property* of the poor, of those that are afflicted and need help. — CARLYLE.

xxx First, have you observed that all Christ's main teaching, by direct order, by earnest parable, and by his own permanent emotion, regards the use and misuse of *money*? We might have thought, if we had been asked what a divine teacher was

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most likely to teach, that he would have left inferior persons to give directions about money; and himself spoken only concerning faith and love, and the discipline of the passions, and the guilt of the crimes of soul against soul. But not so. He speaks in general terms of these. But he does not speak parables about them for all men's memory, in all men's sight. The Pharisees bring Him an adulteress. He writes her forgiveness on the dust of which He had formed her. Another, despised of all for known sin, He recognized as a giver of unknown love. . . . The two most intense of all the parables, the two which lead the rest in love and in terror (that of the Prodigal, and of Dives) relate, both of them, to management of riches. The practical order given to the only seeker of advice, of whom it is recorded that Christ "loved him," is briefly about his property. "Sell that thou hast." And the arbitrament of the day of The Last Judgment is made to rest wholly, neither on belief in God, nor in any spiritual virtue in man, nor on freedom from stress of stormy crime, but on this only: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye came unto me."

RUSKIN.

xxxi Oh, strange and sad and fatal thing,
When in the rich man's gorgeous hall,
The huge fire on the hearth doth fling
A light on some great festival,

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To see the drunkard smile in state,
In purple wrapt, with myrtle crowned,
While Jesus lieth at the gate
With only rags to wrap him round.

VICTOR HUGO.

FOR THE MONTH OF
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Old Age

I HAVE been young and now am old.

PSALM xxxvii. 25.

Great men are not always wise : neither do the aged understand judgment. — JOB xxxii. 9.

ii How beautiful and grand an object is the stately ship coming into her port ! She furls her sails and is made fast to her moorings, and rests upon her graceful shadow. How has she struggled and labored ! What forces has she resisted, and what dangers eluded ! She has not shut her watchful eye one moment day or night, for so long. She has carried well what was committed to her. She has brought what was expected, and kept sacred the charge of life and treasure with which she was intrusted. It is an imposing and a lovely sight. But there is one other spectacle that in beauty, grandeur, and joy transcends that as far as the spiritual transcends the material, and eternity exceeds time. It is the life voyage of man

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completed in success and safety. The toil is over and the danger past, — the secure and peaceful haven reached, the spirit's haven of repose, — the end of cares, the end of pains, the tranquil rest of the evening hour of a good life passing gently through the twilight into the night of death, and the brighter dawning of the eternal day, where is rest and joy for evermore. — DR. GEORGE PUTNAM.

iii No one should wish to see the characteristics of one period of life appear prematurely in another, for they can be anticipated only in an unhealthy form. A sweet, unburdened childhood ; an active, disciplined boyhood ; a studious or enterprising youth ; a laborious and responsible manhood, full of high trusts, with nothing lost by the way, all the lower stages carrying their contributions into all the higher, are necessary to the perfection of Old Age, whose attribute is ripe wisdom, largeness of nature, when white hairs emblem the full light in which all the colors of Experience blend.

DR. J. H. THOM.

iv Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime ;

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Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves
us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time !

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep !

O. W. HOLMES.

b The little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression ; every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought. — He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet : he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect, that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

WORDSWORTH.

bi This laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him ;
He told in no man's ear
His longing, love, or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

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Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won:
In His vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.

FABER.

vii Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the
man;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Skepticism

viii O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou
doubt? — S. MATTHEW xiv. 31.

How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou
be the Christ, tell us plainly. — S. JOHN x. 24.

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ix We cannot grasp the Infinite; language cannot express even what we know of the Divine Being, and hence there remains a background of darkness, where it is possible to adore or to mock. But religion dispels more mystery than it involves. With it, there is twilight in the world; without it, night. We are in the world to act, not to doubt. Distrust is the last wisdom a great heart learns, and noble natures feel that the generous view is, in the end, the true view. — BISHOP SPALDING.

x Even Mr. Lecky softens a little at the thought of the many innocent and beautiful beliefs of which a growing skepticism has robbed us in the decay of supernaturalism. But we need not despair; for, after all, skepticism is first cousin of credulity, and we are not surprised to see the tough doubter Montaigne hanging up his offerings in the shrine of our Lady of Loreto. Skepticism commonly takes up the room left by defect of imagination, and is the very quality of mind most likely to seek for sensual proof of supersensual things. If one came from the dead, it could not believe; and yet it longs for such a witness, and will put up with a very dubious one. So long as night is left and the helplessness of dream, the wonderful will not cease from among men. — LOWELL.

xi The farthest reach of reason is to recognize that there are an infinity of things above it. It must be weak indeed if it does not see thus far.

PASCAL.

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xii However we may explain it, a rationalistic temper is a skeptical temper, and a skeptical temper undermines character. Simple assent, not reflex certitude, is the motive cause of great achievements. He who would do great things must greatly hope. The creative epochs are invariably epochs in which men believe. Faith watches by the cradle of nations, and criticism argues and doubts over their graves. — BISHOP SPALDING.

xiii Skepticism means not intellectual doubt alone, but moral doubt, all sorts of infidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. The battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Skepticism, for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, better, and wider ways, — an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it, we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old forms is not destruction of everlasting substances; that Skepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning. — CARLYLE.

xiv “Though the fountains of the great deep should break up, their waters will never reach the Lord.” . . . Ah, for my own part, I rely, both as regards Christianity and Christian art, on the words which the Church addresses to her dead: “Whoso believeth in me cannot die.” Lord, Christianity has believed, has loved, has comprehended — in it have met God and man. It may change its

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vestment, but perish never. It will transform itself to perpetuate its life. One morning it will show itself to those who think they are watching its tomb and will rise again the third day. — MICHELET.

Childlike Obedience

rb The obedience of faith. — ROMANS xvi. 26.
He became obedient unto death.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 8.

As obedient children. — I PETER i. 14.

rbi It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril. Let us see, briefly, in what it consists. The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows anything. Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains; they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they *can* trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, *is* strange or wrong. They know their captain: where he leads they

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must follow, what he bids they must do; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man. It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faithful. — **RUSKIN.**

xbiii The holiness of children is the very type of saintliness; and the most perfect conversion is but a hard and distant return to the holiness of a child. — **CARDINAL MANNING.**

xbiiii Nothing that happened to Joan of Arc, nothing that she did, was of her own seeking, neither action, nor power, nor glory. All came to her from above — she accepted all without hesitating, without debating, without counting, as we should say now. She believed in God and she obeyed Him. God was not for her an idea, a hope, a light of human imagination, or a problem of human science; He was the creator of the world, the Saviour of the human race by Jesus Christ; the Being of beings, always present, always active, the only legitimate sovereign of man whom He has made intelligent and free, the real and true God whom we seek painfully to-day, and whom we shall find only when we cease to pretend to do without Him and put ourselves in His place. . . . Neither our history nor any other offers a similar example, in a modest human soul, of a faith so pure and so effectual in divine inspiration and in patriotic hope.

GUIZOT.

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ix It is quite indifferent whether we say a man seeks God in faith, or say he seeks Him by obedience; and whereas Almighty God has graciously declared He will receive and bless all that seek Him, it is quite indifferent whether we say, He accepts those who *believe*, or those who *obey*. To believe is to look beyond this world to God, and to obey is to look beyond this world to God; to believe is of the heart, and to obey is of the heart; to believe is not a solitary act, but a consistent habit of trust; and to obey is not a solitary act, but a consistent habit of doing our duty in all things. I do not say that faith and obedience do not stand for separate ideas in our minds, but they stand for nothing more; they are not divided one from the other in fact. They are but one thing viewed differently. . . . To have a habit of faith, and to be obedient, are one and the same general character of mind,—viewed as sitting at Jesus' feet, it is called *faith*; viewed as running to do His will, it is called *obedience*. — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

x Remember alway that the things of God must be done in God's way. . . . Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience; and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

CARDINAL MANNING.

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xxi Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O, let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see ;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

C. WESLEY.

Mystery

xxii But we speak the wisdom of God in a
mystery. — I CORINTHIANS ii. 7.
Behold, I show you a mystery.

I CORINTHIANS xv. 51.

This is a great mystery : but I speak concerning
Christ and the Church. — EPHESIANS v. 32.

xxiii Men are made quite as much by their sense
of what there is in the world which they do
not know, as by the few truths of which they think
that they have gained the mastery. The outlook
into mystery has even a stronger intellectual influ-
ence than the inspection of discovered fact.

BISHOP BROOKS.

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xxiv We must be willing to leave the world of thought we know, in order to enter into the unknown realms of His spirit.

PÈRE DE CONDREN.

xxv If God discovered himself continually to men, there would be no merit in believing Him; and if He never discovered himself, there would be little faith. But He conceals himself ordinarily and discovers himself rarely to those whom He wishes to engage in his service. . . . The veil of nature that covers God has been penetrated by some of the unbelieving, who, as St. Paul says, have recognized an invisible God in visible nature. . . . All things cover some mystery. All things have veils that cover God. Christians ought to recognize Him in everything. Temporal afflictions cover eternal goods to which they lead. Temporal joys cover eternal ills that they cause. — PASCAL.

xxvi A world which respects nothing but physical facts and material force, which turns away from the supersensuous, the ideal, the divine, as a dream of its childhood, is assuredly doomed to decadence and decay. The known and natural cannot suffice for man as a moral being. Without a spiritual horizon, the whole value of life, which is its ethical value, fades away.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

xxvii The thrill of awe is, as Goethe says, the best thing humanity has. We must under-

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stand and feel that the visible is but the shadow of the invisible, that the soul has its roots in God, whose kingdom is within us. — BISHOP SPALDING.

xxviii The degree of vision that dwells in a man is the correct measure of the man.

CARLYLE.

xxix There are two worlds, “the visible and the invisible,”—the world we see, and the world we do not see: and the world which we do not see as really exists as the world we do see. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working, or waiting, which we see not: this is that other world, which the eyes reach not unto, but faith only. . . . We are then a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing so. . . . The world of spirits, then, though unseen, is present; present, not future, not distant. It is not above the sky, it is not beyond the grave; it is now and here; the kingdom of God is among us. . . . Men think that they are lords of the world, and may do as they will. They think this earth their property, and its movements in their power; whereas it has other lords besides them, and is the scene of a higher conflict than they are capable of conceiving. It contains Christ’s little ones whom they despise, and His Angels whom they disbelieve. . . . When the Angels appeared to the shepherds, it was a sudden

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appearance, — “*Suddenly* there was with the Angel
a multitude of the heavenly host.”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

xxx A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death ;
A mystery I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

WHITTIER.

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER



Entering into the Labors of Others

I SENT you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour; other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours. — S. JOHN iv. 38.

I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. — I CORINTHIANS iii. 6.

ii The multitude of men cannot, from the nature of the case, be distinguished; for the very idea of distinction is, that a man stands out from the multitude. They make little noise and draw little notice in their narrow spheres of action; but still they have their full proportion of personal worth and even of greatness. Indeed, every man in every condition is great. . . . Perhaps in our presence, the most heroic deed on earth is done in some silent spirit, the loftiest purpose cherished, the most generous sacrifice made, and we do not suspect it. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. — DR. CHANNING.

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iii Her finely-touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

GEORGE ELIOT.

iv We hear constantly and think naturally of Cimabue as of a man whose peculiar genius in painting suddenly reformed its principles; who suddenly painted out of his own gifted imagination beautiful instead of rude pictures, and taught his scholar Giotto to carry on the impulse. . . . We cannot overrate the power of the men by whom changes seem to have been effected; but we far overrate their influence because the apparently sudden result of their labor or invention is only the manifested fruit of the toil and thought of many who preceded them, and of whose names we have never heard. The skill of Cimabue cannot be extolled too highly; but no Madonna by his hand could ever have rejoiced the soul of Italy unless, for a thousand years before, many a nameless Greek and nameless Goth had adorned the traditions and lived in the love of the Virgin. — RUSKIN.

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It is notorious that those who first suggest the most happy inventions, and open a way to the secret stores of nature, — those who weary themselves in the search after Truth, who strike out momentous principles of action, who painfully force upon their contemporaries the adoption of beneficial measures, or, again, who are the original cause of the chief events in national history, are commonly supplanted, as regards celebrity and reward, by inferior men. Their works are not called after them; nor the arts and systems which they have given the world. Their schools are usurped by strangers; and their maxims of wisdom circulate among the children of their people, forming, perhaps, a nation's character, but not embalming in their own immortality the names of their original authors.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

¶ In this Dante, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods, — how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him, — as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian

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Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. — CARLYLE.

vii He came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls that shone
For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own ;
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or when.

.
Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

LOWELL.

Time

viii And that, knowing the time, that now it is
high time to awake out of sleep.

ROMANS xiii. 11.

Walk in wisdom toward them that are without,
redeeming the time. — COLOSSIANS iv. 5.

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

EPHESIANS v. 16.

ix Work while you have light, especially while
you have the light of morning. . . . Remember
that every day of your early life is ordaining
irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and prac-

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tice of your soul ; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow.

RUSKIN.

x Toward afternoon a person who has nothing to do drifts rapidly away from God. To sit down in a chair without an object is to jump into a thicket of temptations. A vacant hour is always the devil's hour. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay, a very church, with angels lurking among the leaves, as if they were so many niches. — FABER.

xi It is at its source that evil must be stopped ; even though it may not arrive immediately at its height, it must not on that account be neglected. It will grow during your sleep ; it is only a germ, but if you do not extirpate it, it will bring forth the fruits of death. — S. CHRYSOSTOM.

xii Beware how you regard as trifling faults which appear of but little consequence. An accumulation of small faults makes a very large one ; grains of sand, gathered together one upon another, form the bank on which the vessel strikes.

S. AUGUSTINE.

xiii Another year ! another year !
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on ;

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Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone !

O, what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That nearer comes the closing day,
That one year more of life has fled ?

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare, —
And speed your courses as you will.

ANDREWS NORTON.

rib Every day in this world has its work ; and every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again ? And now what have we to say with respect to this strange solemn thing — time ? That men do with it through life just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane ; they go to sleep. . . . There is no mistake about it ; there it is, a sleep, a most palpable sleep, — self-indulged unconsciousness of high destinies, and God and Christ ; a sleep when Christ was calling out to you to watch with Him one hour, — a sleep when there was something to be done. . . . Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be done, as well as some-

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thing to be suffered. There is a Past which is gone forever, but there is a Future which is still our own. — F. W. ROBERTSON.

Good Stronger than Evil

rb Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world. — I JOHN iv. 4.

rbí How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil. — CARLYLE.

rbíí These two ignorant and unpolished people had guided themselves, so far on in their journey of life, by a religious sense of duty and desire to do right. Ten thousand weaknesses and absurdities might have been detected in the breasts of both; ten thousand vanities additional, possibly, in the breast of the woman. But the hard, wrathful and sordid nature that had wrung as much work out of them as could be got in their best days, for as little money as could be paid to hurry on their worst, had never been so warped but that it knew their moral straightness and respected it. In its own despite, in a constant conflict with itself and them, it had done so. And this is the eternal law. For, Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the doer of it; but Good never.

DICKENS.

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rbiii If in his cheek unholy blood
Burned for one youthful hour,
'T was but the flushing of the bud
That blooms a milk-white flower.

O. W. HOLMES.

rix Yes, still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late :
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been,
Since Good, though only thought, has life and
breath,
God's life — can always be redeemed from death.
And evil in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.

A. PROCTER.

xx If evil is personified in Satan, good is personified in Christ. If the Personification of evil is to be conquered, he must be conquered by the Personification of goodness. Christ and His cleansing blood, Christ and the Grace of His Spirit and His Sacraments, Christ and the virtues which He creates in man, are more than a match for evil, whether in the devil or in the world, whether in ourselves or in others. His patience is stronger than the world's violence, His gentleness than its brutal rudeness, His humility than its lofty scorn, His divine charity than its cruelty and hatred. — CANON LIDDON.

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xxi Haunting gloom and flitting shades,
Ghastly shapes, away!
Christ is rising, and pervades
Highest Heaven with day.

He with His bright spear the night
Dazzles and pursues ;
Earth wakes up, and glows with light
Of a thousand hues.

BREVIARY.

Punishment

xxii And this is the writing that was written, Mene,
Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

Tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art
found wanting. — DANIEL v. 25, 27.

Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou
hast paid the uttermost farthing.

S. MATTHEW v. 26.

xxiii When a man is weighed and found wanting,
his heaviest punishment consists in the want-
ing—the not having and the not being—that
which is essential to the dignity and enjoyment of
existence. When purity, worth, honor, rectitude,
and love are gone out of the soul, there is no need
of further punishment. The wrath of God is com-
plete in the mere absence of these things. . . . In
God's eye we pass for what we are, and only that.
We cannot be more or less. We cannot weight the
scales, nor bind down the beam, nor wrest it from

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its pivot, nor alter the score. A fearful weighing !
And the hand comes out on the wall to write down
the results. The conscience sees it. "Wanting,"
— "Tekel." It is the doom of dooms. "Weighed,"
it is the law of laws. . . . But God takes no techni-
cal advantage of his children. He considereth our
infirmities, He remembereth that we are dust. His
eye pierces beyond the action to the inmost motive.
There is a hidden worth and beauty in many a heart
where the world cannot see it ; but God sees it
and weighs it. He does not stand by the stream,
but at the fountain. The good we mean, though
it be not done, if it be in our hearts to do it, in his
sight it is done and weighed.

DR. GEORGE PUTNAM.

xxiv Pray Rome put up her poniard,
And Sparta sheathe the sword ;
Be none too prompt to punish,
And cast indignant word.

No crime can outspeed Justice,
Who, resting, seems delayed —
Full faith accord the angel
Who points the patient blade.

VICTOR HUGO.

xxv In the present day it is not easy to find a
well-meaning man among our more earnest
thinkers who will not take upon himself to dispute
the whole system of redemption because he cannot
unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But

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can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of *no sin*? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying, measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got, put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact, — no dream; and the dust it dies upon and the dogs that eat it are facts; yonder happy person, whose the horse was till its knees were broken over the hurdles, who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who has also devoted the powers of his soul and body, and wealth and peace, to the spoiling of houses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor, — this happy person shall have no stripes, — shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation; or if other things are indeed reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore. — RUSKIN.

xxvi Unquestionably there is a revolt in the popular mind against the doctrine of rewards and punishments. In these statements we surely have an echo of the flabby sentimentalism, the indiscriminate mashing together of right and wrong as Carlyle calls it, which is the substance of the Gospel, according to J. J. Rousseau. The connection between wrong-doing and suffering and right-doing and blessedness is of the very essence of the moral

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law. The categorical imperative of duty means an obligation which it is our supreme good to obey, our supreme evil to disobey. There is something, writes Kant, in the idea of our practical reason which accompanies the transgression of an ethical mandate, namely, its punishableness.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

xxvii The New Testament is, as its name imports, a covenant. It is not an offer of unconditional pardon, for pardon is reconciliation, and God is conditioned by Himself. "Draw nigh to me, and I will draw nigh to you," saith the Lord. Mercy *is* infinite and unconditional; pardon is not. Your own will, your own sin, can say, No. The Prodigal could not prevent the Infinite Love following the lost sheep into the wilderness, or searching, though with the besom of affliction, for the spiritual gold recklessly cast away; but the moment in which he came to himself, and said, "I will arise and go to my father," depended upon changes within his own spirit. . . . God alone has all the tenderness, and nothing of the weakness, of a Father. With Him alone there is unmeasured Goodness, but no leniency, no mitigation of holy Law. Leniency, relaxation of Law, is ever a confession of weakness, of liability to err. With God the inviolableness of Law is the bond of His Goodness; for His laws being in themselves the highest expression of His wisdom and His loving-kindness, not to execute but to relax them would show the absence of Mercy.

DR. J. H. THOM.

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xxviii Though God be good and free be Heaven,
No force divine can love compel;
And, though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest hell,

The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects thy sanctity of will;
He giveth day: thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still.

What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

WHITTIER.

xxix As for purposes of knowledge it is appointed us to believe that the sun which has risen to-day will rise to-morrow; so, for the ends of duty, it is given us to feel that sin has a bitter fruit to ripen, and that having sown the wind we shall reap the whirlwind. . . . Not one consequence which He has annexed to wrong-doing will fail to appear with relentless punctuality: no miracle will interpose to conduct away the lightning of retribution. Within that realm of law and nature, He is inexorable, and has put the freedom of pity quite away. . . . But it is otherwise with respect to the soul and person of the sinner himself: the sentiments of God towards him are not bound: and if, while the deed of the past is an irrevocable transgression, the temper of the present is one of surrender and return, there is

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nothing to sustain the Divine aversion or hinder the outflow of infinite pity. Free as our soul is to come back and cry at the gate ; so free is He to open and fold us gently to his heart again.

DR. J. MARTINEAU.

xxx Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all.

LONGFELLOW.

xxxi From this sinful heart of mine,
To thy bosom I would flee ;
I am not my own, but Thine,
“ God be merciful to me ! ”

There is one beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone,
“ God be merciful to me ! ”

He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be ;
He 's my all — and for His sake,
“ God be merciful to me ! ”

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER



Atonement

THE chastisement of our peace was upon him ;
and with his stripes we are healed.

ISAIAH, liii. 5.

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the
just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

I PETER iii. 18.

He is the propitiation for our sins.

I JOHN ii. 2.

ii Christ being the transcendent manifestation of
God in human life ; we have in the judgments
of Christ the sort of judgment that we are ulti-
mately to expect. . . . There is no redemption save
through suffering for another's sin, and the mother,
the patriot, and the pastor illustrate this. There
can be no proper conception of God which is with-
out an idea of his suffering for the sin of mankind.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

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iii An expiring world always breathes its last and expiates its faults in the arms of a saint, — this is an invariable law of history. The purest of the race has to bear their faults, and the punishment devolves on the innocent, whose crime is the carrying on of a system condemned to perish, and the cloaking with his virtues the long-continued injustice that oppresses his people. — MICHELET.

iv The flash that struck thy tree — no more
To shelter thee — lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

It may be that in some great need,
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

A. PROCTER.

v There breathes through every page [of the Life of Laurence Oliphant] the upward longing of a heart that groans under the pressure of sin as most men groan under the pressure of pain. Perhaps there will always be associated with this longing a hope, more or less vague, which to the average mind must take the aspect of fanaticism or insanity; the hope for some physical aid or symbol of this regenerative process, some outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace which is to heal

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the sick soul and not the soul only. Our Church preserves this hope in its purest form and associates it with the bequest of our Lord, but many accept it who hardly see the full bearing of the sacramental belief, who even recoil from any other expression of the same idea as low, gross superstition.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

bi At every stage in the process which is generally summed up in the one word, Atonement, we are in presence of forces which issue from infinity and pass out of our sight even while we are contemplating their effects. . . . Whatever the ultimate mysteries of the death of Christ may be, it is certain that it has had power to convince men of forgiveness, and to give them a new life. . . . The death of Christ is, in the first place, to be regarded as propitiatory. . . . St. Bernard said, "Not His death, but His willing acceptance of death, was pleasing to God." The Atonement is undoubtedly a mystery, but all forgiveness is a mystery. The Atonement undoubtedly transgresses the strict law of exact retribution, but all forgiveness transgresses it. . . . It may be true that "punishment cannot be borne by any one but the sinner," and therefore it may be right not to call Christ's sufferings punishment, but it is certainly not true that the sufferings which result from sin cannot be borne by any one but the sinner: every day demonstrates the falsity of such an assertion.

REV. ARTHUR LYTTELTON.

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vií A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children saith,
"O God! take *not* this cup away!"

ANONYMOUS.

Tides of the Soul

viíi My soul is full of trouble.

PSALM lxxxviii. 3.

Now is my soul troubled. — S. JOHN xii. 27.

I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

S. JOHN xvi. 32.

Joy cometh in the morning. — PSALM xxx. 5.

ix In every earnest life, there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight, — no sun, no moon, — and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel. . . . Tell me not that these undulations of the soul are the mere instability of enthusiasm and infirmity. Did not the Son of God himself, the very type of our humanity, experience them more than all? Did He not quit the daily path, now for a Transfiguration, and now for a Gethsemane? Did not his voice burst into the

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exclamation, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," yet also confess, "Now is my soul troubled"? Ah no! those intermittent movements are the sign of divine gifts, not of human weakness. God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

ⲓ We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and
quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly ! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever.

It is the same, for be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free ;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow ;
Naught may endure but mutability.

SHELLEY.

ⲓ Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy : thou
hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with
gladness. — PSALM xxx. 12.

Here is described a change, complete, and more or less sudden, from sadness to joy. David has escaped a danger which had brought him very near to death ; and now he is thankful and exultant. His words are in keeping with what Christians feel, as they pass from the last days of Holy Week into the first hours of Easter.

CANON LIDDON.

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xii We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides ;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

xiii Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low, dark verge of life,
The twilight of eternal day.

TENNYSON.

xiv Sweet thought of God, now do thy work
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind check
To spirits over free,

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And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee.

FABER.

Fate

rb O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still.

How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon, and against the sea shore? There hath he appointed it.

JEREMIAH xlvii. 6, 7.

If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes.

S. LUKE xix. 42.

rbí The Mohammedans say that each man's destiny is written on his forehead. It is written behind his forehead, in his brain. When God, by his providence, causes us to be born with a certain organic structure, gives us a specific education by place, time, and circumstances, He provides for each of us a distinct calling and election. He elects us, not to a place in the other world, but to a work in this world. Each of us has something to do for Him. Our business is to find out what that work is, and to do it. Our power and our freedom consist not in doing anything and everything, but that very something we are made for. We are free to accept or reject our destiny, but not free to invent any other. — DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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xvii Shakespeare always leans on the force of Fate, as it urges the final evil; and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked, and the infinitude of result dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona, and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost; they might have been saved if the sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury, a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have, on the whole, much of their own way in this world Shakespeare sees, though they come to a bad end. — RUSKIN.

xviii If we must accept Fate, we are not less compelled to affirm liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character. . . . "The doer must suffer," said the Greeks. "God himself cannot procure good for the wicked," said the Welsh triad. . . . Man cannot blink the free-will. To hazard the contradiction — freedom is necessary. If you please to plant yourself on the side of Fate, and say Fate is all, then we say, a part of Fate is the freedom of man. Forever wells up the impulse of choosing and acting in the soul. Intellect annuls Fate. 'T is the best use of Fate to teach a datal courage. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in your friend's

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house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the cherubim of Destiny. — EMERSON.

xix Oh ! call it Providence or fate,
The Sphinx propounds the riddle still,
That Man must bear and expiate
Loads of involuntary ill :

So shall Endurance ever hold
The foremost rank 'mid human needs,
Not without faith that God can mould
To good the dross of evil deeds.

LORD HOUGHTON.

xx Imminent perdition is not usually driven away by words of warning. Didactic Destiny has other methods in store ; or these would fail always. Such words should, nevertheless, be uttered, when they dwell truly in the soul of any man. Words are hard, are importunate ; but how much harder the importunate events they foreshadow ! Here and there a human soul may listen to the words, — who knows how many human souls ? — whereby the importunate events, if not diverted and prevented, will be rendered less hard. — CARLYLE.

xxi I said farewell ;
I stepped across the cracking earth and knew
'T would yawn behind me. I must walk right on.
If I can never live like him on faith
In glorious morrows, I am resolute.

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No, on the close-thronged spaces of the earth
A battle rages : Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows : I will keep my stand,
Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
To pierce another : oh, 't is written large,
The thing I have to do.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Sad World

xxii For here have we no continuing city, but we
seek one to come. — HEBREWS xiii. 14.

Arise and depart for this is not your rest.

MICAH ii. 10.

Set your affection on things above, not on things
on the earth. — COLOSSIANS iii. 2.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

I CORINTHIANS vii. 31.

xxiii When persons, either from thoughtfulness
of mind, or from intellectual activity, begin
to contemplate the visible state of things into which
they are born, then forthwith they find it a maze and
a perplexity. It is a riddle which they cannot solve.
It seems full of contradictions and without a drift.
. . . Are we to look at all things in a gay and
mirthful way ? or in a melancholy way ? in a de-
sponding or a hopeful way ? . . . What is given us
by revelation to estimate and measure this world
by ? — the crucifixion of the Son of God. His
cross has put its true value upon everything which
we see, upon all fortunes, all advantages, all ranks,

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all dignities, all pleasures; upon the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It has set a price upon the excitements, the rivalries, the hopes, the fears, the desires, the efforts, the triumphs, of mortal man. . . . In the Cross, and Him who hung upon it, all things meet; all things subserve it, all things need it. He was lifted up upon it, that He might draw all men and all things unto Him. — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

xxiv It has often been remarked that in the majority of genuine national songs there is a prevalence of the melancholy, the plaintive, and the aspiring. Aspiration is an innate feeling in man, inseparable from his inmost nature. Man's aspirations have been mingled with a feeling of sadness for the loss of innocence; and these two radical feelings of the human heart, aspiration and sadness, have ever pervaded all genuine national poetry. So universal a lament over the loss and ruin of the original beauty of life must date from a time antecedent to that of the history of individual nations: it can but be the echo of a feeling which has possessed not this or that nation, but the human race. This note of sadness is the keynote of the earliest history, and runs in various forms through the oldest national traditions. — PROFESSOR LASSAULX.

xxv Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet

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Of messengers that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs ;
The light goes out in our hearts ;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son

LONGFELLOW.

xxvi If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now ?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

METASTASIO.

xxvii And so I argue about the world : if there
be a God, *since* there is a God, the human
race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calam-
ity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Crea-
tor. This is a fact, — a fact as true as the fact of
its existence ; and thus the doctrine of what is theo-
logically called original sin becomes to me almost

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as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God. — CARDINAL NEWMAN.

xxviii The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies ;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies ;
What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

SHELLEY.

xxix Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night
to moan ;
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail ;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :
Lakes, on the calmest days, are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

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xxx Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Yet so it is : for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer,
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyr's death-bed calm.

KEBLE.

FOR THE MONTH OF
DECEMBER



Peace

FOR unto us a child is born: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. — ISAIAH ix. 6.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace.

ISAIAH xxxii. 17.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. — S. MATTHEW v. 9.

“It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold: —
“Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven’s all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

DR. E. H. SEARS.

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iii The province of Tuzulutlan was called by the Spaniards the Land of War. They had idols and human sacrifices, and were desperate fighters. This it was that Las Casas chose for his experiment. Let us note well his manner of proceeding, for there are those to-day who maintain that the type of character which Victor Hugo has sketched in Monseigneur Bienvenu is not calculated to achieve success in the world. The example of Las Casas, however, tends to confirm us in the opinion that when combined with sufficient intelligence, that type of character is the most indomitable and masterful of all. And in this I seem to see good promise for the future of humanity. The wisdom of the serpent, when wedded to the innocence of the dove, is of all things the most winning and irresistible, as Las Casas now proceeded to prove. . . . Before another year had elapsed the Indians had voluntarily destroyed their idols, renounced cannibalism, and promised to desist from warfare unless actually invaded. . . . The work was permanent. Las Casas had come, he had seen, and he had conquered; and not a drop of human blood had been shed! . . . So when the stern conqueror and lord of Guatemala, coming forth to greet Las Casas and the Indian king, took off his plumed and jewelled cap, and bent his head in reverence, it seems to me one of the beautiful moments in history, one of the moments that comfort us with the thought of what may yet be done with frail humanity when the spirit of Christ shall have come to be better understood.

JOHN FISKE.

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ib Robert extended his forgiveness to all sinners.

Such was the gentleness and innocence of the first Capetian king. It was in the reign of this good Robert that the dreaded year *one thousand* came and passed away; and it seemed as if Divine wrath had been disarmed by this simple-minded man, who was as an incarnation of the peace of God. — MICHELET.

b Bernard was lying upon his sick-bed at Clairvaux in the last year of his life on earth, when news came of a terrible contest raging at Metz, between the burghers of the town and the neighboring nobles. Once more, and now for the last time, the sovereign and invincible will lifted into a temporary vigor the wasted and dissolving frame, and the abbot went forth, in uttermost feebleness, to the banks of the Moselle. The exasperated nobles would not even hear him, but broke up their camp, and went elsewhere, to avoid the spell which they feared his speech might cast upon them. But they could not avoid, and could not resist, the impression which even his presence made. August and saintly, he was to them not so much an earthly counsellor as a messenger from on high, and he waited, in absolute confidence, for the end. One of his visions came at night to encourage him, and he said to his companions, "Be not dismayed, there are many difficulties, but the desired peace is near." In fact, at midnight came a message of penitence and reconciliation from the fierce and furious men of war. Terms of truce were proposed

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and accepted, and after a few days a firm and lasting peace was established. — DR. R. S. STORRS.

vi Christ's death is the triumph of peace in the spiritual world. Peace among men is secured, because the Cross is the centre of the regenerated world as of the moral universe. — CANON LIDDON.

vii From the dark future through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then
cease ;
And, like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies ;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

Love to God and Man

viii We love him because he first loved us.

I JOHN iv. 19.

And this commandment have we from him, That
he who loveth God love his brother also.

I JOHN iv. 21.

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith
unto him, Yea, Lord ; thou knowest that I love thee.
He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

S. JOHN xxi. 16.

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ix There is a time when religion is only felt as a bridle that checks us, and then comes another time when it is a sweet and penetrating life-blood, which sets in motion every fibre of the soul, expands the understanding, gives us the Infinite for our horizon, and makes all things clear to us.

LACORDAIRE.

x The love of Jesus is not a fancy, not a dream. If the solid earth is real, it is real. The mother may forget her child, the lover his well-beloved, but the children of men will never cease to be drawn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He asked for this love; it is, I may say, the only thing for which He asks, for in it all else is contained. He foresaw that it would be given to Him; that it would burn through the long night of ages; that in every country and all future time the most generous and loving natures would turn to Him as the eye seeks the light. What will the Son of Man do with this love? He will have us love Him, doubtless, because He is the best, the worthiest object of our love; but to what practical test and use will He put the exalted and boundless devotion of His followers? He will take our hearts and give them to all who suffer and are weary and heavy-laden. The sinner, the beggar, the leper, the slave, are the brothers of Jesus, and whatsoever we do for them is proof of our love for Him. — BISHOP SPALDING.

xi The love of Jesus reproduces itself in the lives of His working and suffering children. In

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some shape they are ever giving themselves to God and for their fellow-men. True love is no thin disembodied sentiment. Love asserts its presence in a practical, visible way, when once it really lives.

CANON LIDDON.

xii Fast, that you may give to the poor what you deny yourself; deny yourself, that you may give; contemn luxuries, or, at times, even comforts, that you may give; give up from time to time enjoyments; think what luxuries you may abandon; what superfluities you may part with; what habitual self-indulgence, if so be, you may break off; how you may diminish your expenses upon *self*, and enlarge your charity to your brethren, and in them "lend unto the Lord." . . . Relinquish what you wish, and practise what you wish not; make it your object so to do, in order to school yourselves and have the habit of self-denial. — DR. PUSEY.

xiii We continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the weight of it; as if it was only a thing to be carried instead of to be — crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." . . . Does not that mean that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds — yes, and life if need be? Life! some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But, "station in Life" — how many of us are ready to quit that? Is it not always the great objection when there is question of finding something useful

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to do, "We cannot leave our stations in Life"? . . . Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's, the shore of Galilee; and Paul's, the ante-chambers of the High-Priest, — "which station in Life" each had to leave, with brief notice. — RUSKIN.

rb O! our Saviour; of ourselves we cannot love Thee, cannot follow Thee, cannot cleave unto Thee; but Thou didst come down that we might love Thee, didst ascend that we might follow Thee, didst bind us around Thee as Thy girdle, that we might be held fast unto Thee. Thou Who hast loved us, make us to love Thee; Thou Who hast sought us, make us to seek Thee; be Thou Thyself the Way, that we may find Thee, and be found in Thee, our only Hope, and our everlasting Joy.

DR. PUSEY.

The Power of Faith and Love

rb All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's. — I CORINTHIANS iii. 22, 23.

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword.

HEBREWS xi. 33, 34.

rb St. Bernard of Clairvaux, naturally a devout, poetic recluse, became the most practical master of affairs appearing on the Continent; . . . intent

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on making the entire Church in Europe what he felt that it should be, — the living witness for the Master, the guide to the erring, the refuge of the oppressed, a celestial helper to all disturbed but faithful souls. . . . I think of him in his physical weakness, raising armies, subduing nobles, curbing kings, directing the Church, and he represents the invincible mind which more and more was to govern and pervade the whole frame of society. I think of him in his personal spirit, contemplative, devout, intensely practical, yet marvellously lofty, self-sacrificing, sincere, and passionately devoted to what he esteemed the noblest ends, and he represents the consecrated heart, humble, intrepid, and near to the Master's, from which civilization must always take its finest and divinest force. . . . The spiritual sublimed the natural in him. Celestial forces broke through his life into the dark secular spheres. From worlds on high came the supplies of his amazing and invincible energy. . . . One does not know where else to look for a more lofty and shining exhibition of the power of Faith as a subjective spiritual force, and of the enthusiasm which it inspires. — DR. R. S. STORRS.

rbii The first foundation of any spiritual work is a detached heart. Neither birth, fortune, talent, nor genius exceeds in value a detached heart.

LACORDAIRE.

rbiii The things that are impossible to man are possible to God; the things that are impos-

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sible to man without God are not only possible but natural to man when he coöperates with God working in him. You may gaze forever on an example set before you, on a goodness which, if gained, would be the kingdom of heaven within you, and yet be nothing but a gazer, because your will is too feeble in resolve, your soul too untrue in impulse and in love to aim at and execute the work proposed. . . . In spiritual things *we* are both instruments and agents; we work with our souls, and to achieve higher or severer work, our soul, our personal power, must be recast, making what before was impossible to become possible through new indwellings of God. No man can do the works of Christ unless Christ be in him. — DR. J. H. THOM.

xix The charge of the new institution was given to a poor priest without birth and without fortune who was to become celebrated in the world under the name of S. Vincent de Paul. That work was not sufficient for the ardor of his charity. The young, the sick, the ignorant, the galley-slaves, all who suffered in mind or body seemed to call S. Vincent to their aid; he founded in 1617, in the little parish of Bresse, the charitable association of the Servants of the Poor, which became in Paris the Congregation of the Servants of the Sick Poor, and the cradle of the Sisters of Charity. They will have, said S. Vincent, for a convent only the houses of the sick, for a chapel only the church of their parish, for a cloister only the streets of the city or the halls of the hospitals, for their fence only obedience, for their bars

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only the fear of God. Eighteen thousand daughters of S. Vincent de Paul testify to-day to the wise foresight of their founder; his rules have endured like his work and the necessities of the poor.

GUIZOT.

xx Amidst Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,
Sweetening with gracious words the food she dealt
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazoned door.

Death found her busy at her task : one word
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,
"Silence!" — then listened even as one who
heard

With song and wing the angels drawing nigh!

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,
And on Murillo's canvas, Want and Pain
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image stands
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's holy fane.

WHITTIER.

xxi Slow ages passed : and lo ! another came,
An English matron in whose simple faith
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,
A plain uncanonized Elizabeth.

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone
The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,
And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,
Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

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So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went
She followed, finding every prison cell
It opened for her sacred as a tent
Pitched by Gennesaret or Jacob's well.

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,
Live sister souls! in name and spirit one,
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth!

WHITTIER.

Repentance, Aspiration, Mercy

xxii And the Word was made flesh and dwelt
among us. — S. JOHN i. 14.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. — S. JOHN iii. 17.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. — I JOHN ii. 1.

xxiii The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Who is called "the man according to God's own heart"? David, the Hebrew king, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, "Is this your man according to God's heart?" The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. . . . Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin, — that is death. David's

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life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. . . . That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. — CARLYLE.

xxiv The one only sin which is beyond the reach of Absolution, the one only sin which the Precious Blood cannot absolve, is the sin that is not repented of; that is the sole and only sin that shall not be washed as white as snow.

CARDINAL MANNING.

xxv Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but Love may;
What cannot be, Love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where Faith is fix'd and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's
work begun.

Till as each moment wafts us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,
By every secret sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight who measures Life by Love.

KEBLE.

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xxvi Oh, wake then, ye that slumber on in this torpor of evil habits and of sin! Wake, before you are awakened by the trump of the archangel! . . . Hear the holy angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men;" see those bright and pure spirits longing to be rejoined by you, and desiring your coming; and then look down on the passions which are holding you captives, the desires which you are serving, the cares and unsatisfied longings which are destroying your peace, the petty troubles about which you are repining, the petty gains, enjoyments, for which you are bartering your souls, and then say whether this be worthy of your new origin, your second birth, whether this suits the character of the sons of God and heirs of everlasting life, and make your choice. — DR. PUSEY.

xxvii I bore with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared,
Give thou Me love for love.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

xxviii The divine reason must forever manifest itself anew in the lives of men, and that as

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individuals. This atonement with God, this identification of the man with the truth, is not something that can be done once for all, that can become historic and traditional, a dead flower pressed between the leaves of the family Bible, but must be renewed in every generation, and in the soul of every man, that it may be valid. . . . Dante had reached the high altar where the miracle of transubstantiation is wrought, itself also a type of the great conversion that may be accomplished in our own nature (the lower thing assuming the qualities of the higher), not by any process of reason, but by the very fire of the divine love. . . . Had Dante merely made us feel how petty the ambitions, sorrows, and vexations of earth appear when looked down on from the heights of our own character and the seclusion of our own genius, or from the region where we commune with God, he had done much : but he has done far more ; he has shown us the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling-place and fortress of our nature, instead of being the object of its vague aspiration in moments of indolence.

LOWELL.

xxix It is a noble thing, that Purgatorio, "Mountain of Purification ;" an emblem of the noblest conception of that age. If Sin is so fatal, and Hell is and must be so rigorous, awful, yet in Repentance, too, is man purified ; Repentance is the grand Christian act. It is beautiful how Dante works it out. The *tremolar dell' onde*, that "trembling" of

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the ocean-waves, under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar on the wandering Two, is as the type of an altered mood. Hope has now dawned; never-dying Hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. They toil painfully up by that winding steep, "bent-down like corbels of a building," some of them, — crushed together so "for the sin of pride;" yet nevertheless in years, in ages and æons they shall have reached the top, which is Heaven's gate, and by Mercy shall have been admitted in. The joy too, of all, when one has prevailed; the whole mountain shakes with joy, and a psalm of praise rises when one soul has perfected repentance and got its sin and misery left behind. — CARLYLE.

xxx Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea; a crown, in very surety, —
But of thorns!"

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If I find Him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
“ Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear ! ”

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
“ Not till earth, and not till heaven,
 Pass away ! ”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
“ Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer, Yes ! ”

S. STEPHEN THE SABAITE, TR. BY NEALE.

xxxi When the word goes forth for dying,
 Listen to my lonely crying ;
In death's dreadful hour delay not ;
Jesu, come, be swift and stay not ;
 Protect me, save, and set me free !
When by Thee my soul is bidden,
Let not then Thy face be hidden !
Lover, whom 't is life to cherish,
Shine, and leave me not to perish !
 Bend from Thy cross and succor me !

S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
TR. BY J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

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